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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE first attempt to organize a Reform campaign for the ensuing winter has been a decided failure. The great leader of the more advanced reformers, Mr. Bright himself, has pronounced against it; and, though his indisposition to take part in such a struggle rests partly, at least, upon purely personal grounds, which a few weeks, or, at all events, months might remove, the reasons which lead him to despair of its present success may continue even when his inability or indisposition to enter upon the contest shall have passed away. Mr. Bright has declined to address a reform meeting at Glasgow, because, if he speaks in one place, he must speak in others, and the state of his health incapacitates him from undergoing the fatigues of a great agitation. He has not, indeed, much inducement to impair his strength by such an undertaking; for, while he entertains complete faith in the triumph of Reform, at some indefinite period—a sentiment which may be shared by the most conservative believer in the gradual improvement of our institutions—he despairs of seeing it carried out until the close of the official life of Lord Palmerston. The reason assigned for this postponement of the Radical millennium is, that Lord Palmerston is the only man connected with the Liberal party who is able or willing to betray the cause of Reform. One sentence from him would have passed the bill of 1860, but he refused to utter it. Without stopping to discuss what Lord Palmerston might or might not have done in 1860, we cannot help observing that one of the points upon which the judgment of the constituencies was challenged at the late elections was the propriety of the noble lord's conduct on the occasion referred to. From the advice which Mr. Bright has given to his correspondents, we infer that he does not venture to claim that the decision has been in favour of his view of the matter.

The King of Prussia has taken possession of Lauenburg, "in compliance," as the proclamation announcing the fact almost ironically informs the world, "with the wishes expressed by the Representative Assembly of that Duchy." It is the gracious intention of his Majesty, King William, "to protect the well-established rights of the Duchy," and, in order that this disposition may be made manifest to the world, and that no room may be left for the incredulity of sceptics or the misrepresentations of enemies, he has appointed the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Bismarck, so celebrated for his respect for the rights, and regard for the wishes of peoples, to be Minister for the newly-annexed State. Almost contemporaneously with this appointment, Herr von Bismarck was elevated to the rank of Count, and received from the King a long visit of congratulation. Nothing, therefore, seems wanting to prove

the existence of a perfect accord between the Sovereign and the Minister. In what direction their schemes of ambition and aggression are now tending is still uncertain, but if report is to be trusted, they are by no means satiated by the glory which they have reaped, or the substantial augmentations which they have made at the expense of Denmark. It is rumoured at Berlin that the Prussian army is anxious for new enterprises, and that the King and his chief advisers are of opinion that the moment has arrived when he may realize the dreams of the Great Frederick. Upon what territory the irresistible forces of Prussia shall first be launched has not yet been determined. The addition of Holland, Belgium, and Mecklenburg would render Prussia equal, both in population and extent, to the Austrian Empire. Perchance, however, some objection to the annexation of these territories might be entertained by their inhabitants, perhaps some opposition might be offered by other nations of Europe. This consideration may operate upon the plans of the King and Count Bismarck; and, instead of embarking in an enterprise which might involve them in hostilities with at least one first-rate Power, they may confine their operations to the absorption of some of the smaller States of Germany. The rumours which point to one aggressive movement or the other must be taken for what they are worth; but it is stated with confidence that German diplomatists have told their friends in Paris that they know that Prussia does not intend to remain quiet, and that the appropriation of the Danish Duchies will be "followed by other events." Nothing has occurred to cast doubt upon the substantial accuracy of the version of the French note upon the subject of the Gastein Convention, on which we commented last week; but the English circular appears to have been more decided than we then ventured to anticipate. Earl Russell did not, it seems, confine himself to an expression of satisfaction at the alleged temporary character of the arrangements made in the Duchies; but, in entire harmony with the language employed by M. Drouyn de Lhuys, declared that force alone was the power which had been recognised and consulted by the allies, and that violence and conquest were the only bases upon which Austria and Prussia had established the Convention. Russia has not expressed any concurrence with the views of the Western Powers upon this subject; her Minister at Vienna, it is asserted, lately declared that his Imperial master would maintain a policy of non-intervention in the Schleswig-Holstein question.

The rescript which has been issued by the Emperor of Austria, while recording the partial success which has attended the changes introduced into the constitution of the empire under the diploma of 1860, admits that the object with which the reforms provided for by that document

—the maintenance of “the power of the monarchy by the participation of all in the management of the highest questions of the State,” and the ensuring of “the unity of the realm by respecting the manifoldness of its component parts,”—has not been fully attained. The Emperor warmly acknowledges the readiness with which, in obedience to his invitation, a great part of the realm sent its representatives to the capital to discuss and decide important questions affecting the laws as well as the economy of the State. The persistence of “a large portion of the empire”—meaning, we presume, especially the kingdom of Hungary—in holding aloof from the common legislative action, is attributed to a desire to confirm scruples of legality by separate action; and, in order to leave no ground for such a policy of “abstention,” to redeem his Imperial word, and to avoid sacrificing the essence to the mere form, his Imperial Majesty announces that he has resolved “to aim at coming to an understanding with the lawful representatives of my people in the eastern parts of my empire, and to lay before the Hungarian and the Croatian Diet, for their acceptance, the diploma of October, 1860,” and the fundamental laws of 1861; at the same time indicating that should the representatives of these eastern kingdoms suggest any modification of those laws which is compatible with the maintenance and integrity of the empire, he will endeavour to procure from the representatives of other kingdoms and countries which form part of the empire their assent to the changes represented. This is a further step towards the conciliation of Hungary; and if the policy which appears to have dictated it is honestly pursued, the result cannot fail to be beneficial, both to that kingdom and to the empire of Austria.

The author of the “*Propos de Labienus*” has written himself out of Belgium. The reflections upon the personal and political character of the Emperor of the French, contained in that work, excited much dissatisfaction at the Tuileries, and the opinion was freely expressed that Belgium was not fulfilling the obligations of friendly alliance in extending to the writer of such a work the protection of the laws, and the advantages of her institutions. Within the last few days M. Rogeard has published a new pamphlet in verse, entitled “*Pauvre France*,” in which it is said he has attacked still more violently than before both the Emperor and the Empire. The Belgian Minister of Justice, having considered this new publication, arrived at the conclusion that it amounted to such a libel upon the Emperor, or upon the institutions of the French, as to disentitle its author to the protection of a friendly government, and he accordingly caused notice to be given to M. Rogeard that he must within a certain period quit the dominions of King Leopold. M. Rogeard resting himself upon the duty which he had “to fulfil towards the Belgian people,” and the debt of gratitude which he had “to discharge towards Belgian public opinion,” declined to obey this mandate, and he was accordingly conducted to the railway station by the police, and despatched to Germany. Some opposition has been excited in Brussels by the action of the Ministry in this affair; but until we are more fully informed of the real character of M. Rogeard’s work, it is impossible to pronounce a definite opinion upon their conduct.

The sale by Austria of her interest in Lauenburg has given rise to an impression that she may not be indisposed to sacrifice her rights of superiority over other territories for a pecuniary indemnity. It is natural that the Government of Victor Emmanuel, anxious upon any terms to complete the unification of Italy, should seize with avidity upon such an idea; and in Florence the belief is already very general that General Della Marmora either has proposed, or is about to propose, to the Vienna Government that they shall cede Venetia for a sum of money to be settled in future negotiations. The advantages of such a “transaction” both to the Kingdom of Italy and to the Empire of Austria are so obvious that if we were well assured of the most important circumstance, the proposal of the Italian minister, we should not doubt its receiving all the advantage which might be derived from the good offices of the Governments of France and of England. By such an arrangement, Austria would get rid of a constant source of difficulty and of debt, and would receive in exchange a handsome sum of money, which, in the present monetary situation of the empire, would be most welcome to the Finance Minister; while Italy would solve the question of the Quadrilateral without the sacrifice of a life, and at a

pecuniary expense probably much smaller than that which she must incur to wrest Venetia from the Germans by force. But though the bargain appears so natural and so advantageous to both parties, it would be premature to regard it as probable. We do not know that the offer to purchase has yet been made; and, however ready the Italians may be to pay a fair and even a liberal price for the territory which they seek to acquire, the obstinate pride which has hitherto governed Austrian sovereigns and Austrian ministers may again assert itself, and prevent their abandoning the last hold which they retain upon Italy.

The determination of President Johnson to adhere to his policy of “reconstruction,” and to maintain the authority of those who are engaged in carrying it out, has been signally illustrated in the State of Mississippi. In order to suppress the marauding which has lately been too prevalent in that State, Governor Sharkey ordered the formation of two militia companies in each county. General Slocum, who commands in the department, seems to have regarded this as an unwarrantable interference with the duties and rights of the Federal army; and, acting either upon this view, or under an idea that it was dangerous to place arms in the hands of the Southern people, he annulled the order. The opinion of the President did not, however, coincide with that of the General; and he has addressed a letter to Governor Sharkey approving the measures which he had adopted to preserve the peace and protect the property of the citizens, and going so far as to declare that the movement thus inaugurated is a proper one, and that the people must be trusted with their own government. That General Lee, when once overpowered by the superior force of the Federals, would accept all the consequences of his defeat, would lend no aid to the prolongation of a contest which he had found to be hopeless, but would, on the contrary, do all that he could to restore complete peace and harmony to the federation to whose authority he had submitted, was never doubted by those who had a just appreciation of the high qualities of that eminent man. Their anticipations have been fully realized by his conduct since the termination of the war, and especially by the advice which he has given to his late compatriots upon his acceptance of the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia. In a letter written on that occasion, he declares that it is, under present circumstances, the duty of every citizen to do all in his power to restore peace and harmony to the country, and in no wise to oppose the policy of the State or general government which may be directed to that object. Unfortunately, the magnanimity thus exhibited by the vanquished is not imitated by the victors. Mr. Davis is to be tried in October, before Chief Justice Chase, and General Butler (!) is to act as attorney for the prosecution.

THE FENIAN COUP D'ETAT; “IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.”

THE “Irish enemy,” who has given his Anglo-Norman conquerors such unceasing trouble for nearly seven centuries, is again making himself disagreeable. The history of the last nine days carries us back seventeen years, to the period of his former serious “demonstration,” which was popularly supposed to have been his final effort. We see the designs and exploits of 1848 reproduced, and discover suddenly, to our intense disappointment, that all through this period of fancied loyal security and peace the old rebellious spirit has survived, and “the hour” has been patiently awaited when the “Saxon’s flag” might be “struck down.” England is disappointed at this incorrigibility, and half inclined to deliver over Ireland for a time to the tender mercies of Yankees and returned Celts for a practical proof that, if English rule be bad, to substitute American would be to jump from the frying-pan into the fire. It is a question, however, whether the Fenian spasm equally astonishes those who understand Ireland best. They have known all along that the seditious instinct was not destroyed. There were frequent manifestations of its existence which the Government of the country perhaps regarded too lightly. The political procession through the streets of the Irish metropolis, for which the burial of Terence Bellew M’Manus gave occasion, the periodical parades of green-bedecked, banner-bearing, “temperance” bands, the singing in the streets of songs written in revolutionary times, and the enormous circulation of newspapers, in almost every number of which there was material for a prosecution under the Treason-Felony Act—

all these indications of brewing mischief, at which the authorities have winked, showed nearer observers that the profession of loyalty among a large class was but a film on the surface of their daily life. In the words of a rebel ditty of the Young Ireland era, they were in reality "biding their time." This class, however, it is but just to say, has been of a lower social status during the last ten or fifteen years than in any former period in the records of Irish rebellion; and so it happens that the Fenians now arrested have not among them any leaders occupying even the rank of the Duffys, Mitchels, and Dillons, of the Ballingarry *émeute*. It takes very many years to extinguish sedition in a country, especially when it is sustained by the traditions of a powerful organization, of literary genius, and, after a fashion, of heroic exploits; especially, too, when it is kept alive by the influence of an emigration, which, leaving Ireland in a period of dire famine and distress, and taught to attribute that visitation of Providence to English misgovernment, has forgotten and learned nothing, but merely grown rich enough in a new country to have money to spare for the purpose of fomenting mischief on the old soil.

To understand the *rationale* of this particular conspiracy it must be further borne in mind that the theory of Irish rebellion has ever been that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." This idea—which has certainly proved a most infertile one—extends back even to the days of the Bruces, in the early part of the fourteenth century, when the triumph of Robert Bruce seemed to the native Irish, and to their Punic ecclesiastics who joined them for the time, to render the uprooting of the Anglo-Norman colony possible. Edward Bruce was proclaimed monarch of Ireland at Carrickfergus, and remained in the country three years and a half, England being just then weakened by the Scotch wars. Again, during the conflict between the houses of York and Lancaster the "opportunity" seemed to have arrived; and on various occasions in the history of subsequent centuries the same principle of action is discerned. In 1782, for the first time, the Irish Volunteers carried it out with some success; England, engaged in a war with her colonies, could not refuse them a Parliament and free trade. Even this, however, was but a temporary success. The wild outbreak of 1798 found England but poorly prepared, and yet it was, as Mr. Carlyle would say, *equelched*. At various crises since then the old maxim has been repeated—during the French wars, during the Reform Bill and the Chartist riots, during the Crimean war, during the Indian mutiny; and yet all these "difficulties" for England have availed Irish revolutionists nothing. There was, however, one chance still left, and that is the "opportunity" which the Fenians set themselves to improve. It was supposed that a war might be fomented between England and Federal America. To the furtherance of that design have all the efforts of the Celtic element in the States been directed for years, and circumstances seemed lately to favour the plot. The Northerners were exasperated against England, and the fostering of discontent in Ireland seemed the readiest way of punishing "perfidious Albion." The Irish had been flattered during the civil war, and their Celtism had served as an excellent recruiting instrument. Hence arose the idea that an attack on Canada, or a diplomatic quarrel with Great Britain, would furnish the centuries-expected "England's difficulty." This, simply, is the meaning of Fenianism. It is the speculation of Daniel O'Connell over again, only that he contemplated, or held out that he did, moral force only, whereas the Fenians are physical-forceists. But "Ireland's opportunity" is as far off as ever. The Fenians have been brought face to face with the power of "England" at a moment when England has no other enemy, when her army is more efficient than it has ever been before, when the reconstruction of her fleet has just been completed, when her implements of warfare and her projectiles multiply vastly the resources at her command, and when she has 150,000 Volunteers ready to repair to Ireland, if required, at any moment, to assist their loyal neighbours against republican marauders. It would seem, then, that waiting for "England's difficulty" and "Ireland's opportunity" is a veritable case of *rusticus expectat*.

It is known that the Fenian Head Centres had appointed the 29th instant for their Irish rising. By that day the American officers were to have arrived, and the organization, which was more extensive than anybody imagined, was to have been complete. Credulous rumour has asserted that 70,000 men were sworn in in Ireland. It would be folly to believe a tithe of what has been said on the matter. But this is certain, that a conspiracy existed; that it did not lack money or arms; that it embraced a very large number of respectable artisans and shopmen; that it had high expectations from America, which the appearance of Federal disbanded officers in

Ireland strengthened; that the doubtless erroneous impression of the American Government's complicity in the plot was universal; that midnight drilling was going forward, not in two or three, but in scores of districts, and in parts of the country far distant; that efforts were made to tamper with the constabulary and military; and that the suppressed newspaper, which was the organ of the movement, had an enormous circulation not only in Ireland, but in our own English manufacturing towns. It may be held that the Fenian readers of the *Irish People* and their September moonlight drill-masters were so many Michaelmas geese; but it would be foolish to deny the seriousness of their intention, which had this dangerous peculiarity in addition, as contrasting with the movement which ended ingloriously in the historic cabbage garden, that whereas the Young Irelanders boasted in public of the strength of their clubs, and published their proceedings, the Fenians have proceeded on a comparatively secret principle. The Irish Government, however, have so far dealt with the League effectively, and the fact that no person of any position in society has been arrested, is a proof that the Lord-Lieutenant did not miscalculate when he confidently relied on public opinion to sustain him in extraordinary measures. The universal approval of the course taken by the Government, as manifested in a country very jealous of arbitrary interferences in excess of the ordinary operations of the law, is a satisfactory indication that Fenianism, after all, is but an exerescence upon an essentially sound social condition. With its excision, it may be hoped that Irishmen will abandon their romance and their credulity, will "accept the situation," and endeavour to make the most of the very favourable circumstances in which they are placed. The first thing to do, at all events, is to cut out the malignant ulcer—skilfully, but without weakness. Let there be no mistaken clemency. Several of the Fenian Brotherhood of 1865 are forgiven Phoenixites of 1859! If such a course is taken, we shall probably have seen the last of Irish risings. That the sense of wrong and the feeling of inborn anti-English hate, to which conspirators effectually appealed in other days, have been all but wholly worked out by the lapse of time, the intermingling of races, and the ameliorating influence of enlightened reforms, the circumstance that the whole middle, as well as upper classes of Irishmen, range themselves on the side of "law and order" on the present occasion, satisfactorily establishes. Far from rendering any change of policy towards Ireland necessary, the powerlessness of Fenianism, the disappointment of its American authors and the loyalty of all ranks and parties, are the strongest possible proof that the just and successful course is that which has been pursued. If Ireland is governed henceforward, as hitherto, on stable Constitutional principles, and not in the interest of any faction, the moral of the Fenian paroxysm will have been interpreted aright.

THE VISIT OF PRINCE AMADEUS.

ENGLISHMEN are accustomed to pride themselves upon their hospitality. They believe that no other people give their guests so warm a welcome, so anxiously study their comfort and convenience during their stay, or so reluctantly witness their departure, as do the inhabitants of these islands. The Spaniard is admittedly more grandly courteous and the Frenchman more ardent and impulsive in his expressions of delight at his friend's presence, and his absolute devotion to his interests and wishes; but all this, a sound-principled and thoroughly bigoted Briton will maintain is mere surface show. He will tell you that Frenchmen and Spaniards want heart—heart is what he particularly insists upon—and that all their courteous bows and lively expressions of delight at your arrival, or of despair at your departure, are only so much play-acting,—"Play-acting, sir, and nothing else, I assure you"—to which they have recourse to conceal their perfect indifference to your presence or absence, to yourself or to anything that is yours. Although it seems a pity to disturb so well established a faith, and one which has so long consoled John Bull for his deficiencies in many other respects, we are afraid that there are very few Englishmen who have travelled abroad who can accept it without misgivings, if, indeed, they will accept it at all. Constant intercourse with our neighbours on the Continent has at last taught us that the liveliness of the Frenchman is not necessarily the indication of a shallow mind or a corrupted heart, and that the dignified reserve of the haughty Castilian does not always arise from a selfish indifference to everything but his own grandeur and importance. Nay, we have even got so far as to doubt whether our domestic system, and all our domestic arrangements, are so absolutely and indisputably superior to those of all other countries, as it was at one time a point of national

honour to maintain. We hardly now claim that matrimonial fidelity is a virtue which will flourish nowhere but in Great Britain; and some of us have recognised the possibility that the decencies and comforts of life are not inseparable from the occupation of an isolated tenement, but may be enjoyed as fully, and sometimes even more completely, in an apartment, such as it is frequently the custom of families to occupy upon the Continent.

But whatever advantages, if any, we may have over our neighbours in respect of domestic comfort or private hospitality, there is one respect in which we are lamentably behind other great European nations, viz., in the presence or rather in the absence of all suitable accommodation for the sovereigns or princes of other countries who may visit us. This certainly is one of those things which they have managed better, not only in France, but in almost all other continental countries. The visit of the ruler of one independent State, or of some prominent member of his family, to the Court of another, is a matter of international importance and signification. The nation whose Prince is paying the visit is interested in the reception with which he will meet; and the nation of whose sovereign he is the guest ought to and must necessarily feel that its honour and character are concerned in his receiving a suitable welcome and being treated with all the consideration which may be due to his own merits or to the character of the people whom for the time at least he represents. We all remember the generous hospitality with which the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained last year by the King of Sweden. The most splendid apartments of the Royal palaces were placed at their disposal, and accommodation was found within the same walls for their suite. Grand balls and public entertainments were given in their honour, hunting parties, and expeditions to scenes of natural beauty, to ruins of archaeological importance, or places of historic interest, were organized for their amusement. Nothing was spared by the Swedish Court to promote the comfort and enjoyment of their Royal guests. Even in Denmark, still suffering from the wounds left by a disastrous war, considerable expense was incurred and great pains were taken to entertain their Royal Highnesses. These generous hospitalities and well-organized festivities were watched with great interest by the English people, who saw in them more than the manifestation of courtesy and kindness towards the personages chiefly concerned, and who, had the heir to the throne of Great Britain been allowed to come and go like a mere ordinary traveller, would have felt that they themselves had received something like a slight, if not an insult. Now, mark the contrast! What is at this moment occurring in England? Prince Amadeus, the second son of the King of Italy, is nominally the guest of our Court; but, instead of being lodged in one of our Royal palaces, and receiving the attentions and hospitality of her Majesty, or at least of some members of the reigning family, he is sent to an hotel and left to amuse himself, as he best may, under the guidance of his father's representative in this country. Perhaps this arrangement may not be altogether distasteful to the young Prince himself, but it is not, we venture to suggest, at all creditable to us as a nation, that we should treat our guests in so unceremonious a manner. Prince Amadeus is not, it is true, the heir to the Crown of a great kingdom, and this may somewhat impair the force of the comparison between his reception in this country and that of the Prince of Wales in Sweden. He has not as yet earned any public reputation, and as to his personal qualifications we possess but little information. We do, however, know that he is the son of that Victor Emmanuel whose prudent administration of the affairs of Piedmont, as well as the part which he played in the liberation of Italy, have commanded our admiration and secured our esteem. More than that; we regard the young Prince as the representative of that great Italian nation, whose sufferings we so long pitied, and with whose triumph we so heartily sympathized. Either in one character or in the other—as a member of a Royal house, in the fortunes of which we have felt so keen an interest, or as the representative of a nation with which we are so anxious to cultivate friendly and intimate relations, the young Prince deserved a more public welcome, and something more approaching to national hospitality than he has obtained, or is likely to obtain. The time which has been selected for his Royal Highness's visit is somewhat unfortunate. The absence from London of the Court, and of the nobility, and of all those families who compose what is called "society," will prevent his receiving the hospitalities with which he would have been greeted at an earlier period of the year; but this only makes it still more to be regretted that he could not have been provided with a residence more suitable to his rank and position than an ordinary hotel. That wherever he may be

staying he will be treated with the greatest respect, and will enjoy as much comfort and even luxury as is to be found in a palace, we do not doubt; but, so long as he remains in a house of public entertainment, he cannot be regarded as properly the guest of the Sovereign or of the people of England. We may, and we suppose we shall, "pay his reckoning;" but he is not living under our roof, and we cannot help feeling that our treatment of our Royal visitor is neither courteous to him nor creditable to ourselves.

The reason which is assigned for this somewhat cavalier reception of the young Prince is that there is no palace in London in which foreign guests can be properly received and adequately accommodated. Buckingham Palace, St. James's, and Kensington are all fully occupied; and although the Queen of England appears to have so many residences, there is really, except at Windsor, not a vacant room at her disposal. If this be so, it is a state of things which ought at once to be remedied. No gentleman of moderate income would be satisfied with a dwelling in which he had not at least a spare bed which he could place at the disposal of a guest; and it is not right that Queen Victoria should, in this respect, be worse off than her subjects. This visit of Prince Amadeus is not the only instance in which the nation has been put to shame by the absence of proper accommodation for foreign visitors. Without attaching too much importance to the circumstance that Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands has, like the Italian Prince, been staying in a West-end hotel, we cannot forget that on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the King of Denmark and his suite had to find accommodation at the Palace Hotel. The want which has been experienced might be supplied in two ways—either by increasing the accommodation afforded by the existing palaces, or by erecting a new building to be devoted, according to a practice which has prevailed in at least one continental State, to the reception of Court visitors. Neither course could be adopted without the outlay of considerable sums of money; and to the latter there is this obvious objection, that a reception in such a special edifice would seem but cold hospitality after all, and would in no way answer to a welcome under the roof of the Sovereign herself. If, however, the nation was once persuaded that there was a necessity for the expenditure, and that its character and credit were at stake in the matter, it would not hesitate to supply any funds which might be needed. Either in one way or another we certainly ought to make provision for the suitable entertainment of visitors to this country, so that we may in future be spared the necessity of treating them like travellers who have arrived too late at an over-crowded hotel, by sending them to sleep "over the way." The Queen, we are assured by those who profess to be well informed upon the subject, is anxious to receive with proper courtesy all the visitors to her Court, and is only prevented from doing so by the want of rooms in which to lodge them. It is to be hoped that this difficulty will not long be allowed to interfere with her Majesty's performance of those duties of hospitality which naturally fall upon her, and which, in the earlier part of her reign, she showed herself so well able to discharge.

INDIA CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

THE annual examination for the Civil Service of India may now be looked on as one of the settled institutions of the kingdom. It has outlived all the puerile objections that were urged, on its first introduction, to the principle of appointment by competition, and it has given a large number of civil servants to India of proved ability and attainments. All that was at first expected by its promoters, among whom was the late Lord Macaulay, has not been realized. Every selected candidate has not turned out a man of genius; but the system has for ever excluded incompetency from the India writingships, and in that respect sealed the doom of Noddledom. But if these examinations are ever to be an accomplished success, conferring on India the full advantages of which they are capable, it is above all things essential that the management of them should command the confidence of intending candidates. If this management be capricious—if false tests of merit be adopted—if changes be introduced abruptly, the result will inevitably be that the best candidates will hesitate to risk the chances of their early life in engaging in a competitive struggle of so uncertain and vacillating a character. And thus, not only will candidates be discouraged, but the interests of India also suffer. It is necessary to press this point, for the Commissioners have been arraigned before the bar of public opinion for bad management of the India examination of this year. The indictment is twofold—one

count alleges that they have introduced a new rule, making a radical change in the answering, without giving any notice of it; the other, that the new system of marking is false in principle. That public men should lay themselves open to such charges seems almost incredible, but the facts are beyond question, and we fear that the case against them is too well supported to be easily rebutted.

In order to understand the question, it will be necessary to revert briefly to the history of the system of marking adopted at these examinations. In 1855, when they were first instituted, a system of maximum marks was adopted by the Indian Board of Examiners, intended to represent in each subject respectively such absolute proficiency as might be expected from a candidate. These numbers were different for each subject, and they have remained, with one exception, the same to the present day. That exception is mathematics, the marks in which have been raised from 1,000 to 1,250. To English history and literature 1,000 was assigned; to the Greek and Latin classics, 750 each; to English composition, the Natural sciences, and Moral science, 500 each; and to the modern languages, with Sanscrit and Arabic, only 375 respectively. It was considered necessary to have also a minimum standard, which should represent bare competency, all marks below that number denoting incompetency. The candidate whose total answering was below this minimum in any subject was allowed no mark in that subject. If he exceeded it by ever so little, he was allowed the full number he had earned. An important matter was to fix this minimum; and it was fixed at a tenth of the maximum.

This rule continued in force until 1863, when the minimum in all the subjects except mathematics was raised to one-sixth. For the examination of the following year, however, a new scale of minima was laid down, and accordingly in the usual paper of instructions sent to each candidate the result was announced. The minimum for English composition, English literature, Latin, or Greek was to be one-sixth of the total marks in each case; for mathematics, as of old, one-tenth; for the natural or moral sciences, one-fourth; for French, German, or Italian, one-half; and, lastly, for Sanscrit or Arabic, one-sixth. This scale, it should be observed, was published in 1863, in reference to the examination of 1864. At that examination it was of course acted on; and in the following year, 1865, another circular was sent to the candidates announcing the regulations for the coming examination. In that circular—and this is the point to which we desire to direct attention—not one word of mention is made of any alteration in the scale of the previous year, or the slightest notification given of any intention to introduce a new principle of marking. With such a paper in his hand, what candidate, not possessed of the gift of discerning of spirits, could have dreamed of the onslaught on smattering that was being clandestinely prepared by the examiners? Even on the days of examination the candidates were not aware of any change; but about a month afterwards, when the results were announced, they learned for the first time that the scale of 1864 had vanished into non-existence, and that a uniform minimum of 125 was fixed for all subjects. More than this—they found to their grief and consternation, many of them, that not only were no marks allowed, as of old, to those who in any subject were under this limit of competency, but that 125 was deducted in every subject, except Mathematics, from the answering even of those who exceeded the minimum. Was it just, was it even expedient, to introduce such a radical change, which totally upset the calculations on which the candidates had based their readings, struck off 1,000 marks from the total answering of those who perchance had chosen eight subjects, and only 500 from others who selected five, Mathematics being one? Was it right to make so radical a change without notice? A single crucial instance will show the injustice of the sudden introduction of the rule, and its mischievous operation even as regards India. In 1864, mathematics was subject to a minimum of one-tenth, and every candidate who thought he could not answer in it to that extent omitted it altogether as one of his subjects, and he was not mistaken in so doing. In the present year many candidates, who knew Euclid, and Algebra up to quadratic equations, did the same thing, believing that the old rule held good. Had they known that this minimum was abolished, and that every mark in mathematics would count, as turned out to be the case, they would have made it one of their subjects, and raised their total answering by some 50, 60, or 100 marks. Possibly this numerical accession might have thrown some of them into the ranks of the successful candidates. Not knowing that such a field was open to them, they of course lost the chance. Now this is a case where the mischief was purely of the Commissioners' own

creation. It was not one with which smattering had anything to do, for the commissioners are believers in a new educational dogma, that there is no smattering possible in mathematics. Yet, by not having given notice, they have prevented a portion of what they consider good proficient knowledge being recorded in marks. The case tells dead against them; they have latterly been worshipping mathematics, and here they extinguished it. It is a crucial case, on which the charge of injustice and mismanagement can be based without a possibility of being shaken.

But, passing from this public breach of faith on the part of the Commissioners, has the rule thus abruptly introduced substituted a false test of the abilities and attainments of the candidates for the old practice? The old rule was to allow no marks for answering that denoted less than "competency;" the new is to do this as before, but also to deduct 125 in each subject from the marks of all but those who are absolutely proficient. The deducted marks are supposed to represent "smatterings." We might raise a question whether it be not an absurdity to call any part of a man's knowledge superficial after he has attained a certain amount of proficiency, say such as would obtain for him half the maximum marks. Common sense rather suggests that knowledge of the elements of any science or language, at first superficial, it is true, is raised far above "smattering" by after progress. Every step in advance must make it clearer, and impress it more deeply on the memory. Mixed up with the further accessions of knowledge, it ought to form the cement as well as the basis of the whole. How such knowledge at that stage can be called superficial, it defies us to conceive. We are ready, however, to allow that, in order to discourage diffusive reading, and prevent candidates taking up too many subjects, it is desirable to deduct some certain number of marks in each subject from the answering that exceeds bare competency. But by what law of human nature or statistics of human study has it been ascertained that 125 is exactly that number—one and the same for several subjects ranging in maximum value from 1,250 to 375? Does incompetency in all lie on a dead level, while proficiency ranges over a wave-line of such deep undulations? One would have supposed that there was a natural distance between proficiency and bare competency, which did not depend on the difficulty of the subject, but on the candidate's knowledge. It is not a question of labour expended, but of attainments—of the amount of progress made, whether it be a tenth, or a sixth, or a third of the whole distance. If ability to translate French and a fair knowledge of its grammar be bare competency, these are some proportionate parts of all the French that has to be learned, and the minimum in French will depend on that proportion. If Euclid, and Algebra up to quadratic equations, be bare competency in Mathematics, that is also a case of proportion, be it a tenth or a twentieth. It requires no profundity of wisdom to see this. Nothing can be plainer than that the Civil Service Commissioners, acting on the advice of crotchety dons and *quid-nuncs*, have here made an egregious blunder.

But what has surprised everybody is that Dr. Temple, of Rugby, has come to the rescue and declared himself the champion of this rule. When a great man undertakes the defence of a cause, and, *ex cathedra*, pronounces an opinion, everybody listens with reverent and profound attention, and the authority of his name often carries a weight more powerful than argument. But when this same great man thus making himself an advocate can only make good his case by some startling paradox, the irresistible conclusion to which common-sense thinkers will be driven is, that the cause was utterly indefensible. The Commissioners, when their eyes first fell on the learned Head-master of Rugby's letter in the *Times*, might well have exclaimed, "Save us from our friends," *Non tali auxilio*, &c. Their consternation must have been unbounded. Dr. Temple dogmatically disposes of the whole question by the assertion that "the minimum has nothing whatever to do with the maximum." Perhaps so. But what does the oracular utterance come to? Plainly that bare competence, the major limit of smattering, has nothing whatever to do with proficiency; that there is no proportionate distance between them. Was ever paradox broached more absurd? But of course Dr. Temple adduces a proof; but in doing so he changes the issue to quite a different question, namely, the ability, time, and labour spent on acquiring bare competency. One would think it was a problem of *vis viva* in mechanics he was solving, and not of actual attainments. Dr. Temple will find it rather hard to persuade people that the same amount of intellectual *vis viva* is necessary to obtain bare competence in French and in Latin, and that, therefore, 125 should be the minimum in both. They will see that he contradicts himself on this very

point in another part of his letter, where he says that "the best Latin you are likely to get implies twice as much labour and ability as the best French you are likely to get." The learned doctor has fallen into utter confusion of thought as to the effect of labour at the two extremes of intellectual progress. It cannot require to be doubled and trebled at the major extreme, and be one and uniform at the minor. The question the Commissioners have to solve at their examinations as to this minimum mark is not one of labour but of competency, and that competency can only be determined by ascertaining the proportion of the knowledge actually attained to the highest that could be expected. A single instance will make the utter unsoundness of Dr. Temple's argument evident. Mathematics has been excepted, as we have stated, by the Commissioners from the rule of minimum on the ground that in them there can be no smattering. Suppose, now, an ordinary college passman, who could get crammed in a month in a sufficient but very superficial knowledge of Euclid and Algebra, to have been one of the candidates at the late examination. He could have put in four excessively easy questions that were set on the Mathematical papers. For these he probably would have got thirty marks. Does Dr. Temple mean to say that as much "labour, ability, and time" was expended by this smatterer in earning these 30 marks as it cost the Sanscrit scholar, whose answering amounted to 125, but for which he was awarded only a cipher? The idea is preposterous.

It is true, one subject demands more labour to acquire proficiency in than another; but that is no reason why the minimum should be fixed as high in the easier as in the harder. Such an idea could only arise from another confusion of thought—the not remembering that the respective difficulties of the subjects have already been taken into account in fixing their maxima. To make allowance again for them at the lower limit would be to double their effect, and mischievously reduce the marks of the weaker subjects. This is a truth so palpable that its escaping notice can only be accounted for by an official muddle-headedness that is truly surprising. That a grave mistake has been made by the Commissioners, both in the principle of this rule and in its hasty adoption, cannot for a moment be doubted. The examiners may primarily be responsible for it; but if the paramount interests of the India Civil Service are in future to be regarded, and the confidence of candidates gained, the Civil Service Commissioners themselves must exercise extreme caution that such blunders, which only bring contempt on the system, be avoided. No complaints are made of the Woolwich examinations; should not the Indian also be beyond the reach of criticism?

RIFLED ORDNANCE.

WEARY and fatigued of the hitherto apparently interminable competitions between rival systems of ordnance, and of the constant bickerings between their inventors which appear in the columns of the daily press, we hail with pleasure the publication of a report on one of these competitions, which has lately been published by order of the House of Commons. This report not only disposes of the pretensions of four inventors, but actually holds forth the hope that even in our own time all the competitors for the honour of providing cannon for our army and navy may be finally decided between. The report to which we allude is one that was made by the Ordnance Select Committee to the Secretary of State for War in the latter part of last July; and, having been ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, was issued to the public last week. It is divided into two parts, of which the former may be regarded as the preface to the latter. The first part treats of competitive trials between the systems advocated by Commander Scott, R.N., Mr. Lancaster, Mr. Jeffery, and Mr. Britten in comparison with one another, and with the gun which is said to have been adopted in the French service. The second part concludes the account of these trials, and then gives an account of a competitive trial between the French gun, which had been pronounced at the close of the first competition to be rifled, as a better system than that advocated by any of the before-named gentlemen, in comparison with a shunt-gun manufactured from a design submitted by Sir W. Armstrong. In the second competition the French gun was again pronounced to be the better adapted for use in war, and has been recommended by the committee to be adopted in our service.

Since the invention of rifled small arms numerous attempts have been made to discover an efficient means of rifling heavy guns: for several years no such means were brought to light, but in the year 1859 the French had introduced a muzzle-loading rifled field-gun into their service, which did good work

in the Italian campaign, and in the same year a breech-loading gun, rifled on the principle invented by Sir W. Armstrong, was adopted in our own service. The latter gun was tested by actual service in China in the succeeding year, and acquitted itself well. From the time of the adoption of these two systems in the two artilleries of the great Western Powers may be dated the commencement of the battles of the guns. A clamorous crowd of inventors began from that time to besiege the doors of the War Departments of both countries; each confident in the destructive agency of his own weapon, and each desirous to prove himself the most certain destroyer of human life. The French gun had been adopted after mature deliberation, and the French Emperor, himself a practical artilleryman, was content with its performances. The promises, entreaties, and threats of inventors were politely dismissed, and the French system has remained practically the same as when it was first introduced into use.

In England, however, inventors who could not obtain a hearing at the office of the Minister rushed to the bureau of the editor; the press was eagerly canvassed, and, bewildered with the incessant jargon of technical gunnery, was only too glad to escape persecution by advocating competitive trials of the various systems. Then sprang into the arena Whitworth, Lancaster, Scott, Jeffery, Britten, Blakely, Palliser, Armstrong, and many more, to enumerate whom would be to extend this article to the length of the catalogue of Homer's ships. All were bitter against each other, all disapproved of his neighbour's system, but all might be divided into two classes. The difference between these classes was simple; it only depended upon at which end the gun was to be loaded; all the guns must either be muzzle-loaders or breech-loaders; one gentleman did indeed propose a gun which loaded at the centre, but the Ordnance Committee, however callous to experiments of ordinary danger, stoutly refused to entertain the application that they should be present at its trial.

The French gun and Sir William Armstrong's gun were the two prototypes of the two different systems of loading. Mr. Lancaster's system of muzzle-loading had certainly been used during the Crimea, but it was hardly regarded with any favour at the end of the war. In the breech-loading systems those of Sir W. Armstrong and Mr. Whitworth have fairly beaten all the rest, and have lately had a rather noisy duel to settle their respective claims to excellence for heavy guns. Against these two at the same time also competed a muzzle-loading gun designed by Sir William Armstrong, on what he has designated the shunt system. The report of this Armstrong-Whitworth competition has been forwarded by the committee appointed to superintend the experiments to Lord De Grey, but has not yet been published, so that the result is still unknown. The report which has just been published, however, settles the claims of the muzzle-loading guns in favour of the French system.

All guns may be divided into two great classes—those for field service, and those for service in sieges, in fortified places, and on board ship; those of the latter class are generally termed heavy guns. It has been generally agreed that for field guns the breech-loading system is the best, and guns on that system are now entirely adopted in our field batteries. For heavy guns the breech-loading system is expected to fail, because the great weight required to be given to the vent-piece renders the labour of removing and replacing it very great.

The competition which is recorded in the report was that between the heavy muzzle-loading guns—rifled on the systems advocated by Commander Scott, Mr. Lancaster, Mr. Jeffery, and Mr. Britten—and the French gun. The result was in favour of the French gun. The reasons which induced the committee to come to this decision were, that the projectiles of Messrs. Jeffery and Britten, which were coated with lead, were dangerous and wild; that the Lancaster system should be rejected on account of the tendency to jam in the bore, its inferior accuracy, and the difficulty of loading; that the French was the easiest to load, and would be less liable to disorder by careless manufacture.

The French gun having been decided to be the best of those originally placed in competition, was then selected for comparison with a gun rifled from a design submitted by Sir W. Armstrong. This gun was rifled on the shunt plan—a plan which has already been adopted to a certain extent into the service. The French gun was again victorious in this competition; but its victory was not due to any marked superiority in its shooting qualities, but chiefly on account of its simplicity, which is, *ceteris paribus*, the very best reason that it should be adopted as the service gun.

The result of this competition and of the Armstrong and Whitworth trial appears to be that, as the French gun has beaten all muzzle-loading guns brought against it, there only

remains that it should be compared with the gun which excels in the trial between the Armstrong and Whitworth systems, and we shall have the best system of all in the conqueror. But the shunt gun has already been in competition with the breech-loaders and with the French gun; by the latter it has been defeated, but it is extremely probable that it will defeat the former; in this case the French gun is indubitably constructed on the best system of rifling of all the guns which have been tested in England; and we find that we have been spending enormous sums to discover that the system which was adopted in France without experiment and without such expense is better than those which we have been so long engaged upon. This would not be a very flattering conclusion, but it would certainly be a true one. Nor is it difficult to see why this might be so. The French have adopted one system, and have been content to abide by it until they might see good cause to introduce another, which would present such enormous advantages as would counterbalance the expense of the change. We have been eagerly pushing forward in the attempt to obtain perfection; inventors have hustled each other out of the way, and pushed themselves forward, clamorously vociferating the advantages of their system. These advantages have seldom been found to be such as were predicted, but we have lent a very ready ear to them, and many have obtained the opportunity of testing guns at the public expense, which have not justified such expenditure. In competitions, again, we have allowed rival gun inventors to fire away thousands of pounds' worth of Government powder and projectiles, to employ a numerous and well-paid Government staff in order to decide upon the respective merits of two guns which differ so slightly from each other, that it is almost impossible to decide between them. It is to be hoped that, as now there is a prospect of one system of ordnance being definitely decided upon, the War Department will show a little firmness, and will refuse to be talked into further competitions until some system is brought forward which will be so far in advance of any at present known as will justify the expectation of an entire and very decided change for the better.

DE AMICITIÂ.

We do not give this article a classical title in order to impress the reader with a profound admiration for our extensive acquaintance with the literature of ancient Rome, but simply on the "Somebody's-Luggage" and "Mrs.-Lirriper's-Legacy" principle; for if we boldly announced that our theme is really that peculiar department of friendship which young ladies call "love," one-half of our lady readers would pass over this column, merely condescending to exclaim, "Impertinence!" The other half would act in precisely the same manner, merely changing their exclamation to "Nonsense!" We need scarcely remark that the epithets and the animation with which they would be uttered would vary precisely as the ages of the ladies. That ladies should differ in opinion upon this subject is by no means surprising, for where did we ever meet two women who were agreed upon any sensible topic? But it really is strange that a subject upon which so much has been already said and written, should still remain so disputed a point; some believing that there is no such thing as love, others denying the existence of even so mild a form of it as friendship, and others again believing implicitly in both. There is less scepticism, however, "de amicitiâ" than "de amore." It is very generally conceded that you may meet a man at college whose friendship you will always value, and who will ever call you his friend, who will write to you long letters from India, and on his return home will, notwithstanding that liver of his, of the existence of which he has at last become conscious, pay you and your wife and your thirteen children (we suppose him to have been fourteen years absent) a visit at that charming curacy where you vegetate on one hundred per annum and an unfurnished house. Or, again, we may have a sincere friend in old Brown, who, when we first came to London—a promising young man—used to invite us every Sunday to dine with him—or, to speak more correctly, with his six marriageable daughters—and who, though we married out of another family, continued his invitations with just as much zeal as before. Truly, there are friendships in the world which neither marrying nor giving in marriage, nor sixteen children, nor bad curacies, nor Indian livers, can ever destroy. But love, and undying devotion, and marriage, and, as the brother of the head of the noble house of Dundreary would say, "all that sort of thing"—what of that? Echo in the fair reader's heart repeats—"What of that?"

Now there used to be a very convenient old formula of belief,

by means of which all troublesome questions concerning love and matrimony, and their mutual relations, could be satisfactorily answered. It used to be believed, in accordance with a certain conventional proverb, that the firmament above the earth, commonly called heaven, was the manufactory whence the supply of connubial connections, commonly called marriages, used to proceed. But, alas! as our belief in witchcraft has vanished with the progress of civilization, so the delightful principle which too often imputed the results of our own folly, or the intrigue of match-making mammas, to Providence, is, in our practical age, the adopted creed of but a very limited number of disciples. In other words, in the ordinary affairs of life we have ceased to believe in destiny, and are gradually extending this incredulity to love affairs. The old theory has, however, much in its favour. It is very convenient, and it is very romantic, and what more could be required of a theory which professes to deal with the hearts of young ladies?

Let us give, in a few words, an outline of one of the most ordinary cases of "falling in love"—charmingly expressive phrase! not "walking into love," nor yet "going into love," but simply "falling"—and see how far a union for life will be likely to prove productive of real happiness. Let us suppose the hero to rejoice in the euphonious and not very uncommon name of Brown; for Love, like Justice, is colour blind, and, in the eloquent words of Curran, "cares not what colour an Indian or African sun may have burnt on his face," or what name he may have inherited from the author of his being. Let Brown be a young man, rather good-looking, of ordinary intelligence and good manners, and with a heart not at present occupied. Let Brown be invited on a visit for a few weeks by his uncle, or his mother's cousin, or anybody at all, to the country residence of the aforesaid anybody. Let it so happen that a certain Miss Greene had been invited to the same house exactly one month previously; but that as her mamma was at the time suffering from neuralgia, the filial love of Miss Greene has compelled her to postpone her visit for a few weeks. It so chances, then, that on Brown's arrival at the country-house, in addition to the inevitable—"Mr. Brown, my daughter"—there is added the further introduction—"Mr. Brown, Miss Greene." Brown sees a pretty little hat bow to him and a pretty little skirt wrinkle in a curtsy before him, and Brown feels so pleasant! Now, it happens—as it so often does at a country-house—that there are only two saddle-horses; and as it would not be polite on the part of "my daughter" to monopolize one of them, Miss Greene and Mr. Brown find themselves riding out together. We have supposed the lady to be good-looking, and Brown not in any respect worse than the ordinary run of Browns in general. They soon attract each other, and finally fall in love. Brown and Greene both agree that their parents ought at once to give consent to the Brown-Greene alliance. And if you ask either why they fell in love with the other, they do not know. There is no accounting for these things, but they feel they never can love anybody else. Marriages are made in heaven! Now let us call to mind that in all this there has been no consideration whatever by either party of the circumstances or character of the other; and it does not at all follow that because Miss Greene looked well in a riding-habit, and chattered pleasantly when cantering down that shady lane, that, therefore, she will be the most suitable person in the world to give the Commissioners a little more trouble in calculating the number of Browns in the country at the next census. In other words, they have both fallen in love without in the least stopping to consider their fitness for marriage. And after all, the whole of this romantic affair results from old Mrs. Greene having neuralgia, and so preventing her daughter's visit preceding Brown's, and from the old gentleman not being able to afford more than two saddle-horses. An old woman's face-ache and an old gentleman's income have both combined most romantically to carry out the purposes of heaven!

How, then, are marriages to come about?—are people to marry for money, and never fall in love at all? Before answering this question directly, let us just caution young ladies against a mischievous habit into which individually most of them are liable to fall. When we attempt to lay down anything like broad principles of action on such tender subjects, each young lady considers herself the exception which the proverb tells us must be to every general rule. "Yes, Mr. So-and-so; I quite agree with you, but I am not like most girls. I never could care for anybody else, and I would prefer being poor with him, &c., &c." Or, again: "Well, I know numbers of girls who only think of marrying that they may have a house of their own and a carriage; but I never could

think that way; I could not care for any one if I thought he had ever loved anybody else,"—and so on, *ad infinitum*, are the exclamations we continually hear on all sides. If individual young ladies would only cease to think so very much of their own superiority over other young ladies, they would be much better able practically to appreciate plain sensible views on love-making. Now, there are two kinds of love, which are generally confounded; the distinction between which, however, is of very great importance. There is the love which is simply the result of ardent passion, and there is the love which springs from an appreciation of character. The former kind contains none of the elements which are essential to the latter; while the latter in some measure participates in the same nature as the former. Thus, what we may call a reasonable love is not devoid of passion; but a passionate love is wholly regardless of reason. Most men and most women have experienced this passionate love some time or other in their lives; but it seldom happens that they are united to the individual for whom they have entertained it. It is well that it has not resulted in matrimony; for, being based upon a principle which is not lasting, when tried by the slow process of matrimonial experience it is soon reduced to a glimmer, presently the flame dies out altogether, and the ashes which it leaves behind are not calculated to increase the felicity of the domestic hearth. It is a pity, however, that men or women indulge themselves in this species of falling in love, for the recollection of it in married years is often painful, suggesting, when some trifle goes astray, the thought that it *might* (the word requires great emphasis to give it force) have been otherwise if Florence, and not Mary, had been Mrs. Brown. In most cases, however, falling in love after this fashion may be easily avoided by a person keeping upon his or her heart such an ordinary measure of control as they impose upon many of their tempers or desires. When Brown felt that Miss Greene was very fascinating, why did he arrange to be so much alone with her? Would it not have been common civility on his part to insist on the gentleman of the house riding out with her occasionally, and so have discomfited the machinations of old Mrs. Greene's neuralgia and the old gentleman's limited number of saddle-horses? But no—Greene and Brown persisted in falling in love with each other, and we have little sympathy for them if they have found it a difficult matter to go well together in harness. In this respect mothers ought to be a little more careful of their daughters than they are. Few mothers would allow their daughters to go into company which would taint their characters; but how recklessly do they make such arrangements as are likely to result in their losing their hearts! For it is ten to one that young persons thrown together, if not already otherwise disposed of, will fall in love. Would it not often be just as easy for *Materfamilias* to ask two gentlemen as one, and by a delicate arrangement make the gentlemen common property during their stay? Surely women who are so fertile in their arrangements for bringing about desirable matches, ought to exercise a little of the same ingenuity in not thrusting their innocent-hearted daughters into the danger of imprudent ones.

But the real love on which marriages may be safely based is that which springs from an appreciation of character as well as form, and culminates in a deeper and intenser and truer passion than the one we have been speaking of. The pecuniary question is a subject in itself, and we are taking for granted at present that no person would seek to bring into poverty and misery one for whom he or she has a reasonable love. If men and women would only try with honest endeavour to control this master passion, or rather would not be continually trifling with it; if they would not consider themselves exceptions to a rule which is very general, there would be more love of a higher order in the world, and fewer of those sorry revelations which come to us through the Divorce Court, polluting society with the reflux of their filthiness. There would be less misery resulting from ill-assorted alliances, and many a happier fireside throughout the land.

SUNDAY ON THE CONTINENT.

THERE are few points on which the mind of an Englishman is so tenaciously conservative as that which is involved in a change of church. He becomes accustomed to some particular edifice, and he keeps to it as long as he can. In these days, when people run here and there to see "the vestments" in use, and to be made faint with the heavy odour of incense, or to hear Gregorians severely rendered, or, perhaps, to learn how far some men can go, the steady old feeling may be breaking up to

some extent, but still it continues to be a part of the genuine English character. Any parish priest can tell how frequently he is met with a declaration of the existence of such a feeling, as an answer to his question why some parishioner does not attend the parish church. "You see, sir," it is often said, "wife she went to hear Mr. Brown before we was married, and she didn't like to change."

It is partly this feeling that makes a Sunday on the Continent a generally unsatisfactory day, except in a few centres. Nothing is as we are accustomed to have it; and though the same is true of pretty nearly all we eat and all we do on the Continent, we feel it more in our religious exercises than at other times. As it is said that a sudden temptation to laughter is more irresistible in a place of worship than on any other occasion, so anything unwonted or strange is more marked there. But a still more potent reason for this unsatisfactoriness is to be found in the probability that most of us feel ourselves to be in a state of relaxed discipline when we don the comfortable head-gear and the unaccustomed knickerbockers, and Sunday comes upon us as a stern reminder of old habits of order. From the time of our first trousers, and still further back, if our memories are retentive, we have been taken to church on Sunday, have said our collects—in exchange, perhaps, for sixpences and lumps of sugar, have had our best clothes put on, and have been more hushed in tone, and more staid in demeanour, than on less marked days and in less valuable garments. Into deeper feelings than these it is not our province to enter. We may take low, but at least we take universal ground, when we put it among reasons for feeling Sunday to be unlike other days—to be as it were redolent of self-restraint or of outward obedience to public opinion of a somewhat severe type—that we have been brought up to it. And so it happens, that in spite of knickerbockers and hats impossible in English streets, we can never be quite ourselves amid the gaiety of a Continental Sunday. The followers of Rome rise early, and conveniently do their devotions while yet the hours are young, and then they have nothing but food and diversion before them for the livelong day. We, on the other hand, when we give ourselves to European travel, turn up about eleven at the English chapel, get out well before one, spend the interval between that and half-past two or three in wondering whether we ought to go to the afternoon service, and then generally leave others to form a congregation, persuading ourselves that we came out for the sake of the bracing air, and not to make ourselves ill in stuffy chapels. But not thus can we shake off the sort of feeling of which we have spoken. Outwardly, we may conform to the spirit of the place we are in, may attend the open-air theatre, go to the ball or the annual races, appear at the public singing, or saunter among the prim plane-trees in the dreamy evening; but our heart is not in what we do, in anything like the manner or the degree achieved by those among whom we move. A respectable English man or woman never quite gets rid of a feeling of Sunday, and yet Sunday as it is in England, is exactly one of those things which we cannot take out with us when we go to do our little tours. Other things, such as dress-coats, we do not take,—Sundays we cannot take.

It is said that some men go to the Continent for the sake of the *tables-d'hôte*, and the assertion is to a great extent borne out by what any man can see for himself if he chooses to watch his compatriots engaging in gastronomic feats. It is said, too, that some men go to the Continent because they can do what they like there; that is to say, because public opinion is left behind at home, and the natural man can go in for any amount of freedom, and indulge in special weaknesses, without the fear of reproachful words and looks from sisters and mothers, and maiden aunts. A living prelate of much practical experience, who is supposed to study the former half of a certain text which speaks of serpents and doves to the exclusion of the latter half, makes it a general piece of advice to his candidates for ordination that they should not entirely drop the clerical garb on their visits to the Continent. That advice is most sound. Any distinctive mark, no matter how small or unpretending, which suffices to inform English tourists that the traveller is a clergyman, is for him the best possible safeguard from without against the utter relaxation of all self-discipline, which is to many thoughtless men a great charm in Continental travel. This, however, is a digression. The point which we more particularly wish to state is this, that numbers of young men look upon the tourist part of Europe as a jolly place, where there are no end of lakes and mountains to be seen, and where there are seven days in the week instead of six.

And really the native churches are so unfortunate in their style in many regions of Europe, that it is scarcely to be

wondered at that they do not attract the passing English. To a pedestrian, for instance, in the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, a Sunday is a real trial. If there is a church, it is as little like the majority of our churches at home as possible; and one scarcely cares to see the pulpit occupied by an elder in the tail-coat of the country, reading a chapter of the Bible and the Ten Commandments in a style which would for ever reconcile malcontents at home to their service, while the clergyman waits below till his agricultural colleague has finished, and then administers a long repetition of *chers-et-bien-aimés-frères*, pronounced as nearly as possible in one syllable. Nor is a baptism an agreeable ceremony to witness under such circumstances, when the monthly nurse provides the water, bringing it in a medicine bottle in her pocket, and pouring it on to the minister's hands when he wants it, drying those members afterwards with a towel produced from the same receptacle. If there be no church, the stranger is looked upon as godless—and from him to the British nation is a natural generalization, if he fail to attend the prayer-meeting which the natives organize. These prayer-meetings, by the way, are a great institution in some upland *pensions* frequented only by the better class of Swiss, where an Englishman is admitted on sufferance. The evenings in such a *pension* have been known to be devoted alternately to the world and to the other side of the question; lively Swiss girls act charades on one night, the ministers and religious looking on with pleased approval, and the next night the audience and the actors change places, the ministers exhorting, and the quondam actresses looking demure and good.

In Roman Catholic countries or districts the matter is different. There is much to please the eye and charm the ear in the services, and yet it is not like church. The writer of the remarkable article in the *Union Review*, lately published separately under the title "Confessions of a 'Vert,'" always attended these services, and probably it was this that educated him by degrees into a state of susceptibility sufficient to make him obey the voice which he heard calling him to go over to Rome; but few ordinary tourists know enough of the proceedings on such occasions to follow what is going on, either in the gorgeous ritual of a cathedral, or in the simpler service of a village church. It is more generally a question of "good music" or "curious affair" with them. A congregation belonging to a small sect in North Britain applied some time since to a dignitary of the Episcopal Church to let them hear what an "Episcopal" service was like; and when it was over the clerk, or precursor, of the experimenting congregation addressed his minister's wife audibly as follows:—"Weel, marm, an' hoo harve ye enjoyed yersel'?" It is very much in the same sort of spirit that Englishmen stroll into the Cathedrals of Treves, or Antwerp, or Milan. There are some things, too, in many of these churches which offend the English taste for order and decency. Let any one, for instance, attend the Sunday forenoon service in a church like that at Fribourg, and see a small boy bring a tawdry basket filled with untidy bits of bread—the *pain béni*—to the congregation, passing it down the different rows like an alms-bag; let him observe, too, the shrugs and the jokes with which some take and some do not take of the bread, and he will leave the church, in spite of the glorious thunder of its organ, in anything but a happy frame of mind.

On the whole, it seems best that, in consideration of the vast numbers of English men and women who now spend a portion of their summer in the more frequented parts of Europe, the services of our Church at home should be freely planted and supported in all centres; and wise men will lay aside their individual prejudices, and help to swell the numbers of those who seek by their example to make stray English people live in a quiet and home-like manner during the hours of a Sunday on the Continent.

SLAP BANG!

"SLAP BANG! here we are again." For months have we all been persecuted by the constant repetition of this inharmonious and unmeaning watchword. In every variety of tone and with every variety of inflection has it been shouted, murmured, or whispered into our ears at every hour of the day, and almost at every hour of the night. No place has been sacred from its intrusion; no man has seemed secure against the influence of its inexplicable and spell-like charm. It has served for morning salutation and evening farewell. It has been the universal "shibboleth" of men, women, and children. It has met every want of language and supplied every variety of expression. A stranger arriving in London from some place

in which this hideous formula is yet unknown—if such a spot, so peaceful and so blessed, is still to be found—might be disposed to regard the words as the countersign of some association which had spread its ramifications throughout all ranks of society, and, unless awestricken by the magnitude of the conspiracy, would indignantly demand why Fenians should be punished while "Slap-bangers" are allowed to go at large. Upon further investigation he would, however, discover that these mysterious words form part of the chorus of the most popular "comic" song of the day, and after a perusal of that brilliant effusion he would be more than ever astonished at the predominance which this mystic phrase has acquired over the minds of cockneys of all sexes, ages, and conditions. There are, we believe, two or three different versions of this new "psalm of life," but they are all alike devoted to a description of the character of certain "jolly dogs" or "merry dogs," or some such jocund quadrupeds, who are represented as the salt of the earth, and whose sayings and doings are held up for universal admiration and imitation. Starting from some such declaration as that—

"The world is full of merry dogs,
And merry all should be;
For care the mind it only clogs,
And makes your pleasures flee,"

each of these songs describes—in a succession of verses concluding with an infinity of "Fal lal de rals," and the inevitable "Slap bang! here we are again"—the achievements of these favoured sons of mirth. Here is a sample of their more moderate doings (omitting the words of repetition):—

"At Cremorne, on a summer day,
We quiz girls' pretty feet;
And often, too, we wend our way
To Weston's green retreat.

"To public dinners we oft go,
And bandy jokes and wit;
Then finish up in the front row
Of the Adelphi pit.

"In the Haymarket, spree and fun
We used to do all night;
But now they shut us out at one—
We don't think that's quite right.

"With handsome girls in Hansom cabs,
We dash from Charing-cross;
Then on the rail lark all the way,
Right down to the race course.

"At masquerades and music-halls
We always cut a shine;
And if locked up for making rows,
We freely pay the fine."

This elegant lyric is only a specimen of a large class of songs which have been made popular by the music-halls, certainly to the degradation of public taste, if not to the corruption of public morals. Two or three years ago, the favourite melodies were "The Cure" and "I wish I was with Nancy." The marriage of a young man with a girl whom he had met "in the Strand" pursuing a disgraceful calling, and the duping of a simpleton by another woman of a similar class, were the subjects of these effusions, of the style and language of which it will be enough to say that they were worthy of the events described. Many of the productions dignified with the name of "comic songs," which have recently commanded the greatest popularity at music-halls, and have secured the admiration and employed the voices of our street-boys and street-girls, have dealt with topics of a very similar character. The talents of the comic poet have been largely devoted either to celebrating the happy results of some chance encounter in the streets, or ridiculing the sufferings of the unfortunate husband whom a wife, courted, we presume, in the humdrum, old-fashioned manner, has deserted and robbed. A sample of each style of composition is to be found in the ditties of "The fair girl dressed in check" and "Have you seen her lately?" both of which enjoyed in their time considerable favour and notoriety. In the former, the heroine describes, in the usual slip-slop language, the result of a visit to Brighton:—

"While on the Grand Parade I saw,
Oh! such a duck of a man;
He'd been sailing in the *Skylark*,
And stood upon the deck.
It was plain to see how he stared at me,
The fair girl dressed in check."

After being told that,

"My dress was looped up gracefully,
Which showed my pretty feet,
Enclosed in a pair of bronzed kid boots—
Prettier you could not meet,"—

no one acquainted with this style of literature will be surprised to learn that

"He followed me and my lap dog,
Which I led by a string to its neck,
It was not the dog that attracted the rogue—
But this fair girl dressed in check."

Declining to go "down to 'Melton's' for a quiet peck," the lady

"Flatteringly asked him
To explain his little game.
He said he had been smitten,
And would go awfully to wreck,
Unless I'd married be, and happy he would be,
With this fair girl dressed in check."

And married they accordingly were, and "lived happily ever afterwards;" the moral of course being, that if any young woman desires to obtain a rich and handsome husband, she should dress in courtesan attire, and promenade the pier at Brighton. The unfortunate subject of the second song which we have mentioned, has been deserted by his wife, of whom it is stated that—

"No damsel could be fairer;
Her fighting-weight was thirteen stone,
And her maiden name was Sarah.
She's cheeks like lilies, eyes like sloes,
And fingers long and taper;
Her hair is red to match her nose,
And mostly worn in paper."

This attractive young lady has disposed of all the furniture of the house, and carried off the proceeds of the sale and a gold Geneva watch; but, of course, no company of "jolly dogs," or "merry dogs," will regard the forlorn husband with any other feelings but those of contempt and derision, as he sings in melancholy strain,—

"She went away a month to-day,
Her absence grieves me greatly,
She'd a strawberry mark upon her arm,
Oh! have you seen her lately?"

Some of these songs are peculiarly addressed to the feelings of domestic servants, and paint in glowing colours the pleasures which they may enjoy if they are not restrained by foolish reserve or ridiculous modesty from meeting halfway the advances of her Majesty's household troops, and the fervency of admiration which they may excite in the hearts of their admirers if they are only liberal enough in their distribution of their master's provisions and clothes. "The Perambulator" tells us how a lifeguardsmen made the acquaintance of a young woman who was driving one of those useful "aids to the nursery" up Primrose-hill, and its closing verse affords this brilliant glimpse of the advantages which Matilda has derived, and is promised, from the acquaintanceship.

"To the dancing-rooms about the town,
On Saturday night I take her,
And there's not another pair can cut and shuffle there
Like me and Matilda Baker.
Sometimes we to the music-halls go,
Sometimes to the Casino;
And as soon as I've saved enough coin,
I mean to make her mine oh!"

The young woman whose prodigal generosity with her employer's property is celebrated in "Susan's Sunday Out" is, we are informed, "a scullery-maid, and lives in Belgrave-square." Her personal attractions are represented by "eyes like sloes, a turn-up nose, and a Magenta head of hair." The charms of these personal advantages are duly recorded in the song, but the ardour of the lover is mainly excited by the remembrance of the presents which he receives from her on her "Sunday out."

"She must have lots of perkersites, she gives me joints of meat,
Tho' sometimes in the summer time they are not over sweet.
She keeps me well in 'pannum,' that's what makes me look so stout,
And don't I jest blow out my kite on Susan's Sunday out."

"And all the loose tobacco she finds in the empty jars
She gives to me, and oftentimes a bundle of cigars."

"Her perkersites extends to clothes, for she gives me slap up suits,
Coats, trousers, hats, and waistcoats, umbrellas, shirts, and boots."

The examples we have quoted afford a sufficient illustration of the general character of the most popular of these strains. They are all equally vulgar and foolish. But unfortunately the vulgarity of their tone and the absurdity of their language are not their greatest faults. That young men and

women should assemble night after night to listen to the repetition of unmeaning nonsense, would of itself be a cause of regret and a subject for reform. These songs are not, however, entirely without sense, and when they have any meaning it is exactly the last which we should desire to see enforced. Among the habitual frequenters of the music-halls there are, it is true, a considerable number, both men and women, who are already so confirmed in vice that they can hardly be made worse by the contemplation of the coarsest debaucheries of the jolliest of dogs, or the matrimonial triumphs of the gaudiest and most impudent of "Nancies;" but that is no reason why the songs sung in these places should have a direct tendency to swell the ranks of those who are so corrupted as to be beyond corruption. How many a youth may have been fascinated by the report of the pleasures which attend the career of "a jolly dog"? Rigid integrity and the honest discharge of duty doubtless carry with them their own reward, but how poor and tame seem the pleasures which spring from the practice of virtue, and the applause of the good, when contrasted with the attractions of the Adelphi pit and the Haymarket, with visits to Cremorne, and drives from Charing-cross, "with handsome girls in Hansom cabs!" Few young women are innocent of the impulses of vanity, or insensible to the charms of dress; and how many a struggling sempstress or shop-girl—how many a young servant may have been stirred to envy by the description of the smart attire of a "Nancy"! Balmoral boots to cross the gutter, pork-pie hats with the usual feathers, and "a new knickerbocker for the dirty weather," are scarcely obtainable by girls in any of these positions out of the moderate earnings of honest industry. There is a way to get them—not honest, it is true, indeed the very reverse of honest—but in the case of Nancy even that path terminated in honourable matrimony. And if Miss Jones or Matilda shrink, as probably they will do, from deliberately entering upon a career of infamy, why should the former discourage the advances of strangers which have ended so advantageously for "the fair girl dressed in check," and other music-hall heroines? and why should Matilda remain deaf to the solicitations of the guardsman who has so long followed her, or refuse to reward his devotion with some slight contributions from her employer's larder or even his wardrobe, when by audiences which to her represent the opinion of society the description of such conduct is nightly received with laughter, and, so far, with approval?

It cannot be doubted that productions such as those with which we are dealing exercise considerable influence in forming the character and determining the conduct of the humbler classes of society. To the very humblest, indeed, they supply almost the only education which they ever receive; they are the only literature to which these unfortunates have any access. Is it wonderful that girls who, before they are out of their childhood, have become perfectly familiar with all the coarsest of our comic songs, suggestive as they too often are of gross profligacy and indecency, should grow into vicious and abandoned women?

CROQUET.

It is scarcely fair to regard pleasure critically. You can always lay hold of a ludicrous side of it. The owner of a yacht who hoists an epitaph over his deck and goes to the bottom in pursuit of enjoyment; the foxhunter who dresses in masquerade to risk his neck after an unsavoury brute; the steeplechaser who skims his grave in every dyke; the oarsman living like a hermit to force a growth of biceps which may pull him into a spine disease; the cricket player defying a "hand-over-head" from Willsher; the guardsman who keeps a balloon for his private amusement, and the people who go to theatres at this time of the year—one and all represent the terrible business which pleasure may become, and the prepared state of mind necessary to take it. When a new diversion comes into the country there are numbers to jump at it, and if it gets into fashion like the most of those above mentioned, it soon possesses just as eager votaries. The name of the individual who first ventured upon an oyster has been lost to gastronomy, and as the world knows not its greatest men, we have to confess our ignorance of the genius to whom the inspiration of croquet first came. He seems not to have had the advantage of any tradition, or any precedent. Say he was a toy seller, there was nothing from Nuremberg or the Black Forest, from a nut-cracker to an irrepressible Jack-in-the-box, to suggest croquet. Did a musical apple fall from a string in his shop and blossom into croquet, as Newton's into gravitation? There is nothing in common between shuttlecock and croquet, tric-trac and croquet, solitaire and croquet. The beauty of croquet is in its

profound originality. It is as simple as profound. Given a smooth-shaven grass plot, mallets, balls, liliputian bridges, and stakes, and there you are.

If croquet was shown to those savages who are displayed *au naturel* in papers at the present parliament of science, do you imagine they would understand it? Croquet is essentially a civilized, and, let us add, in spite of its title, a British game. If you have the other advantages of civilization, croquet will come easy to you. It may have been born in France, but in England croquet flourishes. Our friends across the Channel would never permit the pleasant partnership which may be enjoyed at croquet unless another partnership was in contemplation. Blanche and Anguste may not do as Kate and Charles. Croquet has gained the protection of the lady who has daughters, and therefore it has overrun the country. The knock of the mallet is heard everywhere, and gentlemen's gentlemen (we don't mean footmen) write to papers that their welcome in country houses is spoiled by croquet. We hear how the hostess has croquet mania, and how the visitor gets his shins barked against croquet-bridges, and has his dinner burned, and his new story snubbed all on account of croquet. Croquet is creeping into novels, and has already got into pictures. Artists, by the way, are wonderfully quick at seizing a good chance for drawing neat boots and pretty feet. Croquet has been a boon to them. The looped petticoat and the attitudes place a great deal at their disposal. Then croquet helps out a story. You can bring the hero and the heroine together in a croquet-field instead of resorting to the old conservatory business. Croquet is even better than a picnic for a situation. To be sure you lose the chance of a bull, or the rescue from a stream, or an upset, a faint, and a declaration of undying attachment, but you have an opportunity for drawing those deductions of character from slight actions at which your modern novelist is perfect. "It was easy to see from the style in which Emily struck her ball that her thoughts were elsewhere;" or, "Henry, whose eyes were fixed on those of his gentle partner, forgot all about the game at that delicious moment, and missed a stroke upon which everything depended."

Croquet, however, has advantages of another than a literary nature. There are young men who will not talk and who are shy of the society of ladies, because they dread not only having to speak when spoken to, but having perhaps to initiate a conversation themselves. The peculiar distress and solemnity which pervades an Englishman coated in black for an evening party, the grim face with which he walks quadrilles as though he were walking an hospital, his distracted questions and wild endeavours to escape embarrassment under cover of the weather or any other temporary shelter which, like the refuge of the ostrich, only conceals his head, may be cured by croquet. There is hope for him in a walking suit to whom a dress-coat is painful as the shirt of Nessus. The open air, and the general absence of restraint, or formality, helps him to throw off his bashfulness, and even if he cannot do so altogether, he can enter into croquet, and hide his failing by standing well to his mallet. The advantages which croquet confers upon the ladies are incalculable. To say nothing of the new excuse it gives for bringing men near them, there are in the game itself countless opportunities for fascination which they are not likely to neglect. There is no mood which may not be shown in croquet, the verb "to flirt" may be conjugated in every tense, and the entire grammar of enchantment gone through. The postures of croquet, and the costumes of croquet are irresistible. In those respects croquet leaves a lady to her own devices, only stipulating that she manage them conveniently, discreetly, and with that art of arts which hides the endeavour. Then, croquet admits of so much address. Chess is too *tête-à-tête*, and some say only fit for engaged people. In it you have no choice but either to make love at very close quarters, or give all your attention to a problem whose difficulties remind you of an early trouble with the asses'-bridge of Euclid. But in croquet the *pons asinorum* may be got over with a divided regard. There are croquet maniacs, who insist on croquet pure and simple, and who must have it played as Mrs. Battle played whist. But the majority wish croquet diluted with gossip and chat and love-making. The purists, of course, as the purists in pre-Raphaelitism, language, or pork, inveigh against everything which adulterates or distracts their diversion. There should be no rules "according to Hoyle" in croquet. Croquet clubs are formed principally among persons who engage more for fun than triumph. We have, however, seen "Commentaries" on croquet in a monthly periodical whose pages are directly inscribed to the ladies. The manner in which the subject is approached suggests at once its dignity and importance. "Commentary" itself is a fine word. Caesar wrote commentaries, and a few university dons have commented from Greek particles

and the second aorist into plump livings. The diagrams illustrating the "Croquet Commentaries" remind us of Caesar's battle plans; and doubtless an association of this kind may have suggested the name to the writer. You have "the proper way to set your bridges and stakes, left flank, right flank," and other military terms as a guide to something like a map which very much resembles the tracing for an encampment. The author of those lucid chapters is mindful not only of the manner of his game, but of the moral tone of it. Note the little touch against the vice of gambling in this:—

"For reasons above given, the spot should be at least two feet from the starting-stake and in the right line between the latter and the centre of the bridge. I know that some will consider this spot a needless arrangement, in fact, a superfluity. . . . If I had the space, I could scarce command the patience to argue with such cavillers. . . . Experienced croquetters will look at it in a different light, and when wagers come to be laid, which in time they undoubtedly will—though not for large sums of money it is to be hoped—this regulation will be insisted on with rigorous exactitude."

The same earnest, thoughtful spirit in which the foregoing is written distinguishes the rest of the commentary. We are told, for instance, "There is no royal road to skill in the game of croquet. Like other games—like sciences or languages (!)—there is a right and a wrong way of entering on its acquirement." We are informed that an "intelligent man," after "twelve months' practice," will see the advantage of a "roquet," that a "booby" is a ball which fails to make the first bridge, and that the polite denomination thus indirectly conferred upon the lady or gentleman who has not passed this Al Sirat is only a toll which he or she deserves to pay for their awkwardness. There is a "treatise" referred to in every second sentence of the commentary, without a knowledge of which it is more than hinted the chances of your being "a booby" for life amount almost to a dead certainty. Now, we decidedly object to croquet having a slang of its own. This "booby" is in the style of the "one for his nob" which was brought from the prize-ring to the card-table. Our language is already injured by such vagabond phrases, and we want no more of them. The mysteries of croquet, we believe, are copyright, and have been matters of action in a superior court of law. Was not the gallant patentee once the reciter of hairbreadth 'scapes from Crows, Blackfeet, Iriquois, and Comanches? Is he not the same whose name to us of old was redolent with prairies, buffaloes, trappers, grizzly bears, and rifle-shots which would astonish Otto the Archer himself? "Quantum mutatus ab illo!" No more the sea of living verdure, dotted here and there with the lovely *Apisterophynx major*; no more the torturing stake, the whirling lasso, the stampede, the squaw to whom he had to be as Joseph to Potiphar, the horse on which he rivalled Mazeppa. He has turned his hunting-knife into a croquet-mallet, and would hammer his rules into our heads. We surmise he will have his labour for his pains. He is mistaken in supposing that the sole business of croquet is croquet.

It is not altogether for dancing that people dance; if it were, the remark of the Mussulman, who said he had slaves to dance for him in his country, would be, in a measure, applicable to ours. Dinner-parties are given with many another object than that of demolishing the dishes of the *chef*. Croquet owes its popularity to the additional opportunity it gives the British mother of disposing of her daughters. Grown-up men and women will scarce enter into a game whose sole incentive is the success to be achieved by making a tour of wire semicircles with wooden sticks and balls. The truth is, that ladies found it difficult to procure the society of gentlemen in an outdoor exercise. Sitting down in a marquee during a cricket-match, riding to cover of an odd hunting-day, or promenading at a flower-show *de rigueur*, was often the most they could compass. Archery is a pretentious kind of nonsense, which bores every one. The Bloomerism which some women sought to bring into it was simply horrible. We may very well leave our Robin Hood and Maid Marian revivals to the illustrious order of Foresters, to whom those traditions descend gracefully and are borne out imposingly. But croquet is an unpretending, agreeable nonsense, and will bear comparison with anything, even within doors, for whiling away time. Charades very often demand from the actors a readiness and an ability which few are able to meet. Private theatricals are downright inflictions upon the hospitality of the good-natured but weak-minded persons who permit their best rooms to be upset in order that feeble imitations of professional performers may be presented in them. They are difficult to get up and difficult to get off. But croquet is not difficult, despite what the author of the treatise and the commentary says to the contrary. The veriest muff may know something about it after three or four

games. The story of a gentleman who suffered so much under stress of croquet we believe is exaggerated. It is a harmless idleness, a new mode of social intercourse, and one which we think, as the ladies have taken it under their especial patronage, ought to be received by us with due gravity and respect.

THE DISCIPLINE OF THE ROD.

THE cases brought before the magistrates of schoolmasters beating their pupils are not so few and far between as to justify us in believing there does not exist even at this day a considerable amount of brutality in that direction. Far from rare as are the cases of excess which come to light, such as the recent Chipping Ongar case we may well believe that we do not hear of even one instance in a thousand of the acts of petty tyranny which characterize the chastisements inflicted by ill-tempered schoolmasters on their helpless pupils. If it were possible to bring out into the light of day the amount of corporal punishment inflicted by all the schoolmasters throughout the length and breadth of the land during the space of one week, the extent to which the system is carried, and the unreasonableness of the men in whose hands we seem to be content to leave the almost irresponsible use of the lash, would be rather more startling than those who have not been eye-witnesses of these things could possibly anticipate. The subject would be in the mouth of every one, and the public would not unnaturally insist that the law should no longer recognise the right of a schoolmaster to beat his pupils. This feeling would, of course, take possession of the philanthropic portion of society. But Solomon's warning about spoiling the child and sparing the rod would be pretty widely quoted, and there would be a very considerable amount of muscular tradition to prove that if we took the rod out of the schoolmaster's hands the rising generation would develop into a nation of milksops. Undoubtedly there would be plenty of bad logic on both sides so long as the argument was carried on from one point of view. Granted that the institution of flogging in schools is a power which the schoolmaster is entitled to wield, although the law upon the subject is very ill defined, the broad question which arises is not so much one of sympathy with boys, lest occasionally they may become the victims of immoderate punishment (although this is a consideration), but as to how the system works on both sides? Is the suffering of corporal punishment good for the boys? Is this wielding of the rod good for the schoolmaster? Answering off hand, we may safely say that there are thousands of boys in whom every blow of the rod rouses a demon of disgust with the entire training which they are undergoing—whilst on the other hand there are as many on whom the effect of bodily punishment is the cruel crushing of that bright buoyancy of spirit which is so refreshing to behold in youth. There are, however, boys to whom a sound caning has done infinite service. But these are the exceptions.

But how about the influence which the use of the rod exercises upon the schoolmaster himself? This is by far the graver question of the two. Of all the flogging schoolmasters who contend that they could not maintain discipline in their schools without the use of the cane, how many have sought to prove the soundness of their arguments by abstaining from its use and testing the result? It is very doubtful if a single one amongst them ever made the experiment, and yet they would be not a little offended if they were charged with narrow-mindedness. But this is the very word which expresses the reality of the case. The man who has the charge and education of a hundred boys, with their hundred varieties of mental conformation must be a miserable physician of the human mind if his prescriptions do not go beyond the medicine of the rod. What should we think of a medical man who prescribed brimstone and treacle for every derangement of the human body which came before him? And why should we think more highly of the schoolmaster whose rod forms the sole contents of his medicine-chest? It comes to this, that the schoolmaster of the present day who relies upon the rod and cane as important elements in the management of his school is a long way behind the age. Jones and Robinson have been fighting—Brown goes out of bounds—Smith uses bad language—Thompson is caught taking sights at the master—Wilson has an accident and breaks his slate—poor little Johnson cannot learn his lesson. If the schoolmaster with whom we had placed a boy assured us that the cane was the only corrective of each of these faults, we should remove the boy away from the influence of so dull a mind. The free use of the rod, as the one great means of correction, must necessarily have a strong tendency to deprive the age of many advanced theories of education which those who have the charge of our youth should be thinking out and moulding into practical form.

The man who refuses to have recourse to corporal punishment to correct the faults of the youthful minds committed to his keeping, will be necessarily thrown back upon his ingenuity to devise some mode of treatment superior to the flourishing of the cane. He will study the whole question of mental training, and the chances are he will succeed in contributing something valuable to the stock of educational experience. Perhaps the truest thing which Cowper wrote in his "Tyrocinium," was that the "management of tyros of eighteen is difficult." It is no doubt very difficult, and the presence of the difficulty suggests that there are educational problems to be solved. The successful completion of underground railways and tubular bridges forcibly suggest the propriety of schoolmasters taking a leaf out of the books of the modern engineers. The majority of schoolmasters still carry on their traffic upon the old turnpike-road, and it may be safely alleged that those whose strength lies in the ferule are not likely to avail themselves of the new facilities for locomotion. But not to press the case too hardly against the master who regards the rod and the cane as inseparable from his stock-in-trade, we would beg him to ask himself this question—Is the man who sits down quietly, believing that the problem of education has been solved, and that he cannot do better than keep in the old beaten track, more likely to succeed in his profession than he who, believing that the science of education is still in its infancy, has come to the conclusion that the scourging of boys' backs is not the most approved mode of enlarging his own mind, or improving his pupils' intellects?

FALSE HAIR: WHERE IT COMES FROM.

WE are told that when the gentleman on horseback the other day paraded up and down Rotten-row, with a lady's *chignon* on the top of his riding-stick, all the fair as he passed them involuntarily placed their hands at the back of their heads to see if theirs was missing. No circumstance could afford a better illustration of the universal use of false hair among womankind than this. Of old a woman must have arrived at a certain age before her pride would permit her to don the regulation "front" which at once placed her in the category of old women. Now Hebe herself is perfectly indifferent whether we know or not that she is indebted to other heads for her flowing locks. The consequence is, that the trade in human hair has of late assumed very large proportions, and its value has increased at a prodigious rate. Where does it all come from? a spectator naturally asks, as he surveys the harvest of locks hanging in the windows of the fashionable hairdressers, or disposed in every conceivable form on the heads of waxen dummies. And little does the spectator think of the Bluebeard's cupboard he is asking admittance to, in putting this query. As a matter of course, all products required for the artificial decoration of the person find their way principally to Paris, and we accordingly find that city is the emporium of the trade in human hair. One hundred tons weight of this precious ornament is, we are informed, annually taken there, whence it is distributed in a raw and manufactured state over the whole of Europe. If we could watch in secret the rape of each lock, we should be able to give a series of pictures of human agony such as life but rarely presents, for we may be sure that as a rule a young woman would almost as soon lose her life as that glorious appendage, on which so much of her beauty depends. The collectors of hair on the Continent are generally pedlars, or persons moving about the country on some other business to which they add the trade of hair-purchasing. It is a singular fact that heretofore, the agents employed in the collection of this precious material have generally been ostensibly employed in some other occupation. Arkwright, it will be remembered, did a little business in this line when travelling about the country collecting the spun yarn from the cottagers; and a few years since the most extensive purchasers of hair abroad were a company of Dutch farmers, who supplemented their own business in this manner. Perhaps the trade would be considered too infamous to be openly practised, hence this convenient mask. In one department of France, however, there appears too have been no false shame on the part of the women with respect to parting with their hair, and this for a very obvious reason. The peasant girls of Brittany cover the head with a picturesque white cap, which wholly hides the hair; hence from this quarter the sale of the article has been for a long time openly carried on. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his "Summer in Brittany," published a few years since, describes a most amusing scene at a fair in Collenée, where, he says, he saw several hair-dealers shearing the peasant girls like so

many sheep. A crowd of fair Brittonnes surrounded each operator, and, as fast as sheared, he threw the long hair, tied up into a wisp, in a basket beside him. Whilst he was operating on one the other girls stood waiting for their turn with their caps in their hands. The fashion which enforces the wearing of these close caps of course rendered these damsels callous to the loss of their hair, for which they generally got but a few sous, or a bright-coloured cotton handkerchief. We have no doubt that even the simple Brittonnese have by this time become awake to the increased value of the article they have to sell, and that silk has taken the place of cotton in the exchange. Spain and the north of Italy also furnish considerable contributions to the collectors of these jet-black locks. The main crops of the golden hair now so much prized come from Germany, and the yellow hair from Holland. Is the glorious golden hair that the Venetian school of painters loved to depict still in existence? If so, we should recommend some adventurous traveller in this line to journey southward, as some profit may be made out of the article, which is now selling at a famine price. In all Catholic countries one great source of supply is the convent. The splendid tresses the devotee dedicates to God somehow get back into the world again, and are offered up at the shrine of vanity. This hair is known in the trade as church hair. In visiting a wholesale hair warehouse and manufactory lately we were shown some of these vestal tresses fresh from an English convent. Vanity of vanities—its next appearance in all probability will be on the head of some fast maiden of Belgravia, deftly woven with her own in order to enslave some eligible elder son.

Although we use less false hair in England than in France, yet it is becoming almost a necessity among us. The *Hair-dressers' Journal*, which ought to be an authority on the point, asserts that one woman in every ten in England uses more or less false hair with her own. The larger proportion of this comes from Paris, either raw or manufactured. The prevailing English colour is brown, and, as the home-grown article matches English heads better than any other, it demands a proportionately higher price. When we say that the prevailing English colour is brown, of course we refer to the better classes. There are, perhaps, a greater number of distinct shades of colour in English hair than in that of any other country, and this is accounted for by the mixture of races of which English men and women are built up. In many parts of the island the descendants of these nationalities still retain all the ancient peculiarities of their race; in the south and south-west the flaxen hair of the Saxon still predominates among the peasantry; in Wales the blue-black of the Celt is still maintained in all its integrity; whilst in the north-eastern counties we see among the common people, who are tied to the soil, the reddish hair which they have inherited from their Danish ancestors. In the large towns, where these various elements commingle, and especially in the metropolis, an average brown tint is the prevailing colour—hence it is that of our more civilized element. Dr. Beddoes, a Bristol physician, has ingeniously argued that we are, year by year, becoming a darker-haired people, by reason of what he terms "conjugal selection." He examined the hair of 737 women, and of those he found that 22 had red hair, 95 fair hair, 240 brown, 336 dark brown, and that only 33 had black hair. This analysis overwhelmingly proves the predominance of brown hair; but then he asserts there is a disturbing element in the problem, which he thinks is calculated to reverse the ultimate result, and as this element is a very interesting one to the ladies, we beg their attention. Following those women in their conjugal relations, he found that of the 367 red, fair, and brown haired ones, which he rightly classed as fair, 32 per cent. were single, whilst of those who had dark brown and black hair, and were classed as black, only 21.5 per cent. were single; and he accordingly comes to the conclusion that, in agreement with Dr. Darwin's theory of selection, the black-haired population must gradually swallow up all the others. We trust any light-haired beauty who reads this will not feel despondent; we neither believe in the ingenious physician's figures, nor in the conclusion he draws from them. We are certain that men do not like dark women better than light-haired ones—fashion certainly does not say so. The poets, most undoubtedly, are of the opposite way of thinking; and if it is a law of English nature that dark women have the preference, how is it that, by the theory of selection, we have not become a black-haired race long ago? The natural theory, undoubtedly, is, that the dark prefer the light, and *vice versa*; and, by virtue of this law, a medium tone of colour is arising in this country—a fact which is exemplified on a still larger scale in Central Europe, where the fair-haired north and the black-haired south have commingled, and produced a population rejoicing in dark-brown hair.

Hair merchants, by long experience, have acquired great proficiency in judging of the nationality of this article. One of the largest dealers in the trade informed us that he could tell in the dark the nationality of any piece of hair. This is done either by the sense of touch or smell. Some nations have much coarser hair than others; indeed, there is a constant difference both with respect to length and weight. The average weight of a French head of hair (by which is meant the piece of long hair which forms the knot at the back of the head) is five ounces; of Italian, six ounces; of German, ten. This difference has much to do with its colour. A German, with the painstaking characteristic of his nation, has gone to the trouble of counting each individual hair in heads of four different colours. In that of a blonde he found 140,000 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. Thus there are nearly twice as many hairs in the blonde tress as in the red, which accounts for its superior flossy silkiness and greater weight. To see a hair merchant take up a long tress, sniff a long sniff, and say at once where it came from, is as refreshing as to see a wine-taster deciding a particular vintage of wine by its bouquet. It is possible the chemical constituents of the material in some measure leads him to a conclusion, as there is always found to be an excess of sulphur and oxygen in fair hair, and an excess of carbon in black hair. Local odours, again, are great tell-tales of the parts from which hair comes; thus, Irish hair is distinguishable among others by the smell of peat smoke always to be found in it; possibly Scotch hair, of the peasant class, of course, may be distinguished from that of her sister across the channel by the delicate difference of this peat odour, just as we distinguish Irish from Scotch whisky. But there are two or three sources from which hair is obtained which, perhaps, in a still stronger manner, indicate the source from which it was last taken. The *chiffonniers* who go about in Paris, morning and evening, picking out prizes from the gutter, have not overlooked human hair. By their agency the combings of the fair Parisienne are returned once more to the human head; no doubt there is a dust-heap odour the hair merchant knows well. But there is still another kind of hair about which there is a deep mystery. A grim smile passes over the features of the hair merchant as he tells you that the long "leech" of hair (for that is the trade name for the small parcels in which they are done up for sale, after being prepared and cleansed) is known as churchyard hair! As he draws attention, with a certain subdued manner, to the squared end of the "leech," you perceive that they have not been cut, but pulled out of the head with the bulb adherent; sometimes this class of hair comes to market with pieces of the scalp-skin at the end. How this hair is obtained is a mystery which the trade does not care to fathom. When we so often hear of the desecration of churchyards, and the shovelling away of the old bones and decayed coffins, we may perhaps make a shrewd guess at the source from which this hair comes. It must be remembered that hair is almost indestructible. The beautiful wig of auburn hair now in the British Museum, had lain in the tomb of a Theban mummy for upwards of two thousand years before it found its way to the national collection, yet that hair is as fresh as though it had just come from the hands of the hair-dresser, and the curl is so strong in it that it cannot be taken out even by the application of heat. Churchyard hair is brought into the market by home as well as foreign collectors, and we cannot help suspecting that the gravedigger is no mean member of that craft. The Englishwoman very rarely sells her hair—she must be reduced to the last condition of poverty before she would consent to this sacrifice. But there is a class who are compelled to do so. There can be little doubt that the majority of the long English tresses come from the heads of criminals. It is a cruel and a brutal thing to do—the ostensible reason is cleanliness—but an enforced cleanliness, bought at the expense of the last remnant of self-respect left to the woman, and a cleanliness the more rigorously looked to because its results form the perquisite of the warders. If it is necessary that the charming locks of our fair should be supplemented from this source, they should at least be informed that they are never obtained without oaths, prayers, and blasphemous imprecations upon the despoilers, which the drawing-room belles little dream of, as those purchased tresses dance pendulous upon their cheek in the heated saloon.

Fever, also, places his contributions in the hands of the hair merchant, and there is a sad suspicion that the mysterious woman that hovers about the house of the dead to perform its last offices does not, when an opportunity offers, allow it to escape. There are still other sources from which human hair is obtained, of a yet more repulsive nature, but we have said

enough to show that when a lady buys false locks she little knows the curious and mysterious tale each individual hair possibly could tell her. Some years ago, we now and then heard mysterious accounts of a certain Spring-heeled Jack who used to lie in wait for young girls with beautiful hair, for the purpose of forcibly despoiling them. Considering the immense rise that is year by year taking place in the value of this material, we feel no surprise at such tales, indeed, when we say that such is the demand for grey hair that we are obliged to rob goats and the mohair sheep to eke out our own scanty stores, we need not be surprised at anything.

Raw hair comes from abroad in bales tied up in "leeches," and containing hairs of various lengths. The first step in its preparation is to cleanse it of its oily matter. This is done by rubbing it in fine sand, which completely absorbs all the fatty matter it contains. It is then carded by hand, the workman throwing the lock of hair with great rapidity over the iron teeth of the card, and speedily reducing it to a regular smoothness. The next step in the process is to select from the different "leeches" the different lengths of hair they contain; these lengths are then matched with others; and in this manner the "leech," as it is offered for sale, is perhaps the product of a dozen heads. The manufacturer has two markets to supply;—the demand for simple uncurled locks for the purpose of plaiting, &c., with the natural hair; and curled hair, for the needs of the wig and front makers, and for the thousand and one fashionings in which hairdressers now tempt our blooming belles. The curl is permanently fixed by twisting the hair tightly round small cylinders of wood, and then boiling them for a considerable time in water. At Messrs. Hovenden's, the largest hair merchants perhaps in this country, we saw thousands of these cylinders slowly drying, representing in value a very large sum of money. The value of hair depends so much upon whose hands it is in, and the progressive stage at which it has arrived, that in this particular we can only liken it to the ascending value of iron from its raw condition of pig up to its most perfect and expensive form—watch-springs. One thing is certain, the original possessor parts with it for a mere nothing. As we have seen, the peasant woman of France sells her back hair for a few pence, when it passes out of the hands of the collectors it has risen to from four shillings to thirty shillings per pound for average qualities. But the rarer kinds, both in colour, quality, and length, are so valuable that they are sold even by the hair merchants by the ounce. The longer the hair is, the more valuable, other conditions being equal. Messrs. Hovenden exhibited, in the feathers and fur department of the Great Exhibition of 1862, a head of hair which measured upwards of two yards in length. It was from the head of an English lady, and it must have trailed upon the ground when she was standing up, even if she had been a very tall woman. As a rule, the greatest demand is for the medium brown colour, and for the obvious reason that that is the prevailing colour of England. But the precious colours are bright golden and white hair. We scarcely need look into the fashionable hairdressers' windows to perceive that fair golden hair is now the rage. As very few persons, however, possess just the true tint, the true opalescent gold which changes with every motion of the head—the colour, in short, which is the ideal of the poet—ladies are given to bleach their hair down to the required tone, and to mix, we may say flavour, their tresses with the precious hair, just as your fraudulent Hambro' sherry manufacturer flavours his made-up wines with a little of the true growth of Cadiz. This golden hair is now selling at the rate of from twelve to fifteen shillings the ounce, or at about three times the price of silver. But there is a rarer hair still. Youth and beauty in the race of vanity are outstripped by the age. Grey hair is in such demand that, as we have before said, we are obliged to eke out our stores by resorting to mohair. Fine grey hair is now sold for a guinea an ounce, mainly for the purposes of the perukier. As soon as the precious material falls into the hands of this amiable functionary, art claims it for its own, and the price ascends to fabulous heights. But this branch of the subject we must leave for another paper.

ARTEMUS WARD, of whom we have heard so much lately, and who promises to lecture here during the coming winter, has prepared a new book detailing his adventures amongst the Mormons, which Mr. HOTTEN, of Piccadilly, will publish this week. The book has been edited by Mr. E. P. Hingston, an English gentleman, now in London, who accompanied "A. Ward" with his "Onparalleled Show" through the Mormon territory and California. In an Introduction, the editor gives some curious particulars of the social condition of these mysterious polygamists. The book is divided into two parts:—I. "On the Rampage;" II. "Perlite Literatoor."

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No. XXV.—THE DIOCESE OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.—No. 4.

CHARITIES—PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC.

THE Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol possesses many endowed schools and charitable foundations; yet, apart from certain special institutions, Gloucestershire has little to boast of in respect to philanthropic or educational effort, when her agricultural, mineral, and commercial riches are taken into consideration. Cheltenham possesses an admirable school, but this is a private enterprise rather than a public institution. The scholars pay the proprietors for the education they receive, and the latter, through an excellent staff of professors, return to the pupils a valuable and sufficient consideration for their money. In Bristol there are several endowed schools, but hardly of such proportions as might have been expected from the commerce of the city and the opulence of her merchants.

Of benevolent endowments, purely ecclesiastical, Bishop Monk's "Horfield's Trust" may be mentioned as one of especial excellence. In the year 1849 the last life in a lease of the Horfield Manor estate, belonging to the see of Gloucester and Bristol, having dropped, Bishop Monk granted a fresh lease of the property on three lives, being those of the three eldest daughters of the Queen, to Mr. Thomas Holt, of Gloucestershire, by whom the copyhold was commuted for land. Immediately on the enfranchisement being completed, Mr. Holt, by the Bishop's direction, assigned the land to certain trustees, to hold the same in trust for the benefit of poor livings in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol. The rent charge, in lieu of tithes, was devoted by the Bishop to the spiritual provision of the parish of Horfield. The reversionary interest in the lands has now been purchased of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the rents are equally divided between two objects,—aid in providing parsonages for livings of small value in public patronage in the archdeaconry of Bristol, and assistance in providing curates for parishes throughout the whole diocese, whose incumbents are partially or wholly disabled by age or infirmity. Besides another institution of the same description as the last, the Warneford Ecclesiastical Charity, there are six others confined solely to the diocese:—Bishop Monk's Small Living Fund, The Warneford Clerical Trust, Mrs. Cann's Charity to Poor Clergymen with large families, Mrs. Edwards' College, for twelve ladies, widows or orphans of clergymen, near Cirencester; Sylvanus Lyons', for poor widows of clergymen, and Wilkes' Charity for widows of clergymen.

In the Bristol portion of the diocese purely charitable institutions are far more numerous and better supported than those of the Gloucester half. Many of them, both ecclesiastical and general, are richly endowed, but their endowments are rarely of modern origin. The wealthiest belong to the dean and chapter, and the Society of Merchant Adventurers of Bristol. Their estates, which are very large in the city, are, together with those of other municipal charitable institutions, under the control of twenty-one charity trustees. The present trustees received their original appointment from the Lord Chancellor in 1836, when the old corporation, who were first nominated by the different donors to the superintendence and administration of their charities was dissolved. Among the most noteworthy is the "Red Maids' School," in Denmark-street—a handsome building, lately erected in the Elizabethan style, at an expense exceeding £6,000. It was endowed by Alderman Whitson in 1627. The girls in this school are admitted at the age of eight, and may remain till they are eighteen. They are to be "religiously instructed according to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England." There are at present more than one hundred girls in this school, who are boarded and educated. Agreeably to the wish of the testator, they are all clothed in red. Their education appears to be that of the respectable female domestic servant. The Free Grammar School in College Green is another charitable institution. It was founded by Robert Thorn in 1532 "for the better education and bringing up of children and others, who will resort thither for the honour of God and advancement of the city," and is supported out of houses and lands formerly appertaining to the dissolved hospital of St. Bartholomew, as appears by letters patent of Henry VIII. There are now about 150 boys under instruction in the classics, mathematics, &c. The books of instruction are provided at the expense of the parents. Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, or "the City School," is a very large and handsome building. It was founded in 1586 for

boarding, clothing, and educating poor children and orphans of the city and of the Manor of Congresbury. The boys wear the same uniform as those of Christ's Hospital in London. Besides the above, there are (all excellent in their way) the Bristol certified Industrial School in Pennywell-lane, the Girls' Reformatory School, the Bristol Diocesan Trade School, Hannah Moore's Schools, and several others.

The Asylum for the Blind, founded in 1793, and incorporated in 1832, is a meritorious charity, inadequately supported. The inmates of this charity, both male and female, are eligible from all parts of the kingdom. They receive a good industrial education, and the profits of their baskets, rugs, mats, and brushes go towards the maintenance of the institution. The arrangements are in every respect admirable. Foster's Almshouses are interesting, as being the most ancient charity of their class in the city. They were founded by John Foster, a merchant, who "built them in honour of God and the three kings of Coleyn." There are several other almshouses in Bristol, and very many smaller charities for doles in money, bread, &c. So numerous are these, that it is estimated a sum of at least £7,000 a year is distributed to the poor in this manner. It is worthy of inquiry whether so large a sum, by being consolidated, might not be more advantageously employed, and whether the present method of distributing the different funds does not encourage a sort of legalized mendicancy. We attended but one distribution of alms of the kind (loaves of bread in the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe), and certainly no human beings we ever met with in a civilized country seemed in more genuine or helpless poverty than the recipients who then presented themselves.

Hearing that there were several excellent Roman Catholic charities in Bristol—all, however, attached to convents, we feared that our desire to visit them was little likely to be gratified. Fortunately, we carried a letter of introduction to a reverend gentleman, one of the priests attached to the chapel in Trenchard-street. From him we learned that the Roman Catholic population in Bristol are very numerous and very poor, the far greater part being Irish labourers. He expressed the greatest willingness to give us all the information we desired relative to the Roman Catholic charities in the city, and offered to conduct us over such as we might feel inclined to visit. "One," he said, "will require the permission of the bishop, which, I have no doubt, I can easily obtain for you, either to-morrow or next day; the others we can visit at once." We readily accepted his offer, and we proceeded to inspect one of the schools under the management of the ladies of the Convent of our Lady of Mercy, in Dighton-street, of the same order, we understand, as the convent in Blandford-square, London, but not under its rule.

The Convent of our Lady of Mercy contains an orphanage for forty children. Besides the care of the orphans, the sisters have a day-school under their charge; and in the same building a portion of their body are also occupied as voluntary teachers in the Roman Catholic schools of St. Mary on the Quay, which contain more than 800 pupils. In the Government report the school in the convent is thus spoken of, "This school is a thoroughly good school in every respect." The fact should not be overlooked, that the number of teachers maintained in the schools of St. Mary on the Quay would be utterly inadequate to the instruction of so large an assemblage of children did they not receive the assistance of the sisters from Dighton-street. Another portion of the duties of these ladies is to visit the sick in the hospitals. At first their presence gave, we understand, some little umbrage to the authorities, but this gradually wore off, and now they have acquired the good opinion and respect of the officials as well as the patients. This convent was also intended at its commencement to contain a training school and home for female Roman Catholic servants, but the means of the managers of the institution not being equal to their good intentions the idea has for the present been abandoned.

The Reverend Mother or Lady Superior (if we do not quote her title correctly our readers will feel well assured it is from no want of respect) received us most courteously. On understanding the object of our visit, she readily volunteered to give us every information respecting the objects of the convent and to show us over the building. The former we have already shortly described. The house is large and commodious, beautifully arranged for the accommodation of the orphans, scrupulously clean, and in admirable order. The children themselves seemed much attached to their teachers. The relations between the young people and their instructresses appeared, indeed, to be more caressing and affectionate than at Mr. Müller's orphanages. The children addressed the sisters with greater freedom, and they on their part

seemed the friends and intimates of the children, rather than simply their schoolmistresses. This was remarkable both in the orphanage and the girls' day-school. We were much pleased and amused with the tact of a young sister in taming a mutinous, sturdy young Irish rebel about five or six years of age, who had set her authority at naught. The children in the day-school appeared to belong to the poorest class of Irish. The ten thousand Roman Catholic population of Bristol number among them, indeed, very few families of wealth, and the amount of good performed by the priesthood and different religious institutions of ladies demands the greater acknowledgment when the small means at their disposal are taken into consideration.

We afterwards visited another orphanage, that in the Dominican Convent of St. Catharine of Sienna at Clifton. Here the children were equally well cared-for. The ladies attached to this convent also visit the poor and sick, and "afford them both consolation and assistance." The architectural elevation of this convent is far more in accordance with our Protestant notions on the subject than the one in Dighton-street, Bristol. The Lady Superior and one of the sisters conducted us round the establishment, every part of which was unhesitatingly shown us.

The following day we visited the convent of the Good Shepherd, in Arne's-court, Brislington, and the House of Refuge for Female Penitents, directed by ladies of the same order. To visit this convent we had received the permission of the Bishop of Clifton. The rules for its management are more strict than those of many others, the class of inmates under the control of the sisters being of a character to require a more severe discipline. We were received with the same amiable courtesy as at the two other convents. The Lady Superior and one of the sisters did us the honour to conduct us over the whole building, and every rule for the management of the penitents was explained to us. In the arrangements nothing could be desired. There was a total absence of the prison attributes about them, and a sufficient air of security to show that the inmates were under restraint. A more arduous task than the one self-imposed on the nuns, of managing this institution, could hardly be imagined. The building is calculated to hold 200 persons, besides the sisters controlling it, but there were scarcely more than 100 at the time of our visit.

The penitents were apparently of the most degraded class. Indeed, we have seldom seen, judging from the shape of the skull and the expression of the countenance, a lower standard of intelligence. They were all of the lowest of the low Irish class that infest the neighbourhood of the Quay and dockyards. Excellent as the reputation of Irishwomen is for propriety of life, those who are really bad are certainly among the worst and most depraved specimens of womanhood. And it is for the reformation of such women that the convent of the Good Shepherd has been founded in Arne's-court, and to this difficult Christian work the sisters dedicate their lives. Nor does their connection with the penitents cease when they leave the convent. The sisters, after having given them a good industrial, moral, and religious education, exert themselves to obtain respectable situations for them. The reformation of many seems to be perfect; others, after a time, revert to their old habits. Nor is any blame to be laid at the door of the Rev. Mother and the sisters. The study of the faces, heads, and dispositions of many of the penitents would be a most interesting one to the psychologist. The dividing line that separates vice from insanity is often so finely drawn as to be almost imperceptible; and where that insanity has not been caused by drink and profligate habits in the woman herself, it is congenital. We were informed that more than three-fourths of one or other of the parents of these women (where their history could be traced) were drunkards, and no insanity is more certainly transmissible from parent to child than that caused by drinking.

The House of Refuge for female penitents is under the same control as the Reformatory, the only difference being, that while in the Reformatory the inmates are all prisoners under State restraint, those in the House of Refuge, like those in our own "Magdalen," and other kindred institutions, are received on their own application. They are altogether of a different class from the others, many of the penitents evidently having fallen from a respectable though humble position in society, while those in the Reformatory had apparently never been respectable. The women in the refuge who are capable of taking situations as domestic servants, have, after the necessary residence, employment found for them, and by far the larger proportion do credit to the good teaching of the sisters by afterwards retaining their re-acquired respectability. The opinion we formed on taking leave of the Lady Superior was that it would be impossible to find in England a

reformatory conducted on better principles, or with greater kindness and benevolence.

We have now to speak of an institution which, for originality, grandeur of design, and self-sacrificing Christian devotedness, will bear a comparison with any of the far-famed charities of wealthy Protestant England. We allude to the convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor of the order of St. Augustine, in Park-row, Bristol. The nature and objects of the institution have been eloquently explained by the Rev. Dr. Todd, a Roman Catholic priest, in a sermon preached by him in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, on behalf of the funds of the charity:—

"The Little Sisters of the Poor is a religious congregation devoted to the care of the widow, the infirm, and the aged. They are a community who receive the decrepit and afflicted poor into their convents, perform for them all the most menial offices, share the same food, minister to them in their weakness, watch over them by night, support them by the tenderest consolations of religion, and in all things fulfil the highest duties of Christian charity by becoming the 'servants of servants' to the poor of Christ."

A visit to the Park-row Convent will convince any one of the value and usefulness of the institution of the "Little Sisters." A more admirable charity, indeed, or one more needed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find. Protestant philanthropy appears to be wide and all-embracing; yet it possesses no institution, at any rate of importance, which limits its operations to the helpless and infirm aged poor. Our numerous almshouses by no means supply the want. As far as they go, and while the inmates are in health, they leave little to be desired. But it requires so much interest to obtain admission into these asylums, that the inmates scarcely come under the category of the friendless poor. When helpless infirmity seizes upon even this class, they are generally consigned to the wards of a workhouse, and what manner of women our workhouse-matrons and nurses are, numberless revelations, new and old, have sufficiently proclaimed to the scandal of our common humanity.

The institution of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" is of recent origin. In our own day, and almost under our own eyes, a seedling has been struck in the poorest soil, which has taken wide and vigorous root in Catholic lands, and may be transplanted with honour and advantage into our Protestant communities. St. Servan, a little suburb of St. Malo, in Brittany, claims the honour of being the birthplace and seed-plot of the order of the "Little Sisters." The majority of the inhabitants on the coast of Brittany earn their livelihood either by fishing or by some occupation directly or indirectly connected with the sea; and to the dangers and accidents to which they are exposed may be ascribed the number of aged and destitute widows to be met with in that part of France. The sole means of existence of these poor creatures arose from the charity of persons in easier circumstances; and as the place most likely to obtain alms was at the doors of the churches, they generally congregated there, importuning the congregations for alms, and too frequently misapplying what they thus received. This degrading system of mendicancy was much deplored by the priest of St. Servan, but in what manner to remedy the evil was beyond his comprehension. One poor creature, aged and blind, and of great respectability, especially excited his sympathy, and he proposed to two young girls, seamstresses, who were members of his congregation, that they should allow the blind woman to share their attic with them. The two girls willingly consented, and not only received her, but treated her with the greatest kindness. They soon perceived that their guest, by some apparently inscrutable means, was no drain on their humble resources—that help came to them in their good work from unexpected quarters. Being justly convinced that their labour had received the blessing of Providence, they determined on extending it. Fortunately, at that moment they formed the acquaintance of a respectable female servant about forty-eight years of age, who had accumulated nearly 600 francs, the economies of many years' toil. Jeanne Jugan, it appears, kept house with a widow much older than herself, named Fauchon Aubert, who may be considered the first benefactress of the order. Besides a very trifling sum of money she had a small stock of furniture, suited to the plainest dwelling, and a good quantity of linen. Fauchon Aubert also determined to assist in the good work, and giving up all she possessed, she joined Jeanne and the two young girls, and from the almost unaided efforts of these four poor women the present flourishing order took its rise. The little work begun so humbly at St. Servan has now become one of the most useful and powerful manifestations of charity of our day. Nearly fifteen hundred "Little Sisters" are now employed in the way of life which was first attempted in the lowly lodging of Fauchon Aubert and her three companions. The order has now in France alone seventy-

five houses. They feed and succour between eight and ten thousand poor old people. In England they have already seven houses,—two in London, and one each in Manchester, Glasgow, Bristol, Dundee, and Edinburgh.

If every house of the order performs the same amount of good as the one we visited in Bristol, it would be difficult to speak too highly in praise of the institution of the "Little Sisters." In the convent we found no fewer than forty patients, men and women, all aged and some lamentably infirm, several, in fact, so decrepit as to be almost as helpless as new-born infants. Yet with unceasing patience and kindness are these poor creatures ministered to by these ladies—and we use the word advisedly. In one room we found two poor women seated, who did not rise to receive the rev. gentleman who so kindly accompanied us. We inquired of one the reason, and found that both were paralyzed. But simply tending and nursing the poor creatures under their care by no means comprises the whole duty of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." They have also to provide them with food. To do this they periodically call at certain private houses for broken victuals, and this Lazarus fare recooked, and well cooked, too, into the bargain, feeds both the patients and the nineteen sisters conducting the establishment, proving admirably the truth of the proverb that the poor might be fed from the waste of the rich. We were much gratified by hearing that the most liberal contributors of broken victuals to this charity are Protestants, many of whom, on becoming acquainted with the work of the Sisters have given with great liberality. One Protestant, a fishmonger, frequently sends the whole inmates of the convent a dinner of fish. At the Board of Guardians a question arose whether it was not illegal to continue the parish out-door allowance to those paupers who were admitted into the convent. After some deliberation two of the number were requested to visit the convent and report on the subject to the next meeting of the Board. The result was that the deputation, one of them a member of the Society of Friends, were so pleased with their visit that they strenuously advised the Board to continue the out-door relief to the paupers who had been received into the convent. Their recommendation was immediately and wisely adopted. Some may have thought that the provisions of the New Poor Law were hereby a little strained, but the decision of the Board of Guardians will commend itself to the good sense and right feeling of men of every sect and party.

It is not without some reluctance that we incur the hazard of coming between the "Little Sisters" and the sense of religious duty which animates and inspires them in their noble work. We cannot, however, forbear to express our regret that ladies employed in a mission so charitable and self-denying should be obliged personally to solicit alms. There may be a sweetness in this humiliation and in thus becoming the "servants of servants" to the poor and afflicted. Otherwise the work of soliciting contributions would seem to be more properly and more gracefully performed by the lay members of the Roman Catholic Church in Bristol. Such assistance in money and provisions as these excellent women may require should be brought to them and laid at their feet, and, when their institution is better known, this will doubtless be the case. Meanwhile it appears to be somewhat of a scandal to a wealthy city like Bristol to permit ladies, who have devoted themselves to so sacred an office, to collect broken victuals from door to door.

We trust we shall not be thought to make an ungracious return for the kind and courteous welcome we received, if we offer another suggestion. The sleeping apartments of the sisters are of a most inconvenient and unhealthy description. The self-denying rules of the order exact that not until the best food and the best accommodation the convent affords has been placed at the disposition of the poor, shall the nuns' own necessities be supplied. The rule is framed in the most admirable spirit of Christian self-denial. Yet, the cause of the charity and the interests of the helpless inmates alike deprecate any arrangement injurious to the health of those employed in the administration of the convent. The institution is "Catholic" in the widest and best sense of the term, for the ministrations of the sisters are not withheld from suffering humanity of any sect whatever. The obvious remedy seems to lie either in the removal of the convent to more commodious and extensive premises, or else in such additions to the present building as shall provide due and healthful sleeping apartments for the sisters. The citizens of Bristol are concerned to see that the physical energies of the benevolent women employed in so noble a task are not injured by causes which may be remedied by such trifling individual help and so moderate an outlay.

The subject of conventual charities in England is one of great interest and importance. And we trust that our observation and

inquiries may enable us to say something hereafter on this point which may be of service to the poor and to the cause of Christianity itself, whether regarded from a Protestant or a Roman Catholic point of view.

SCIENCE.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

IN no section were the proceedings characterized by greater vigour and activity than in sub-section D,—the physiological,—under the presidency of Professor Ackland, whose address to the members of the section will compare favourably with that of any presidential address delivered on the occasion of the Birmingham meeting. The objects of biological study were defined by the president to be 1st. simply to ascertain the facts in a certain department of nature without regard to the practical consequences capable of being deduced; and 2ndly, to discover the laws susceptible of practical application to the exigencies of mankind—as mathematical and physical astronomers investigate the facts which are necessary for the construction of the ephemeris, and make it a work of equal value for the pure astronomer and the practical navigator. It was the duty and interest of every one to endeavour to promote the advance of physiological knowledge: 1st. as a pure science; 2ndly, as the basis of the medical art; 3rdly, as of practical utility, in furnishing the laws of hygiene—the rules by which the lives and habits of mankind should be regulated. The knowledge of the actions of living beings depends, and necessarily depends, not only upon what may be learnt intrinsically in the living beings themselves, but upon the collateral advancing waves of physical and chemical inquiry. How largely, for instance, in the last few years have the idea of conservation of force in physics and the remarkable advance of the synthetical operations of the laboratory influenced our fundamental conceptions of the actions in living bodies, and increased the chances of our advancing a step towards the knowledge of what is essential in the phenomena of life. The intrinsic difficulty of this search at the present day consists not so much in the morphological examination of beings on the one hand as complex as man, nor in the examination on the other hand of beings as simple as our own *Amœba*, or the ancient *Eozoon Canadense*, but in the causes and conditions of the actual or potential changes in the minutest portions of any one creature. The labours of Goodsir and Virchow and Beale, and of many others labouring in the same direction and in various ways, have shown that the solution of the problem of the actual relation between function and organ must be sought amongst parts almost as small as the chemical atom; for we have life, secretion, motion, generation in parts to our present means of examination structureless. For the purposes of the great scientific question of this age, the causes of the present order of life on the globe, it would seem that the minutest accepted data of biological conclusion may have to be revised. The study of death was as much an object of biological science as the study of birth. The whole being originates, reaches maturity, declines, and dies, and so with every part. He strives in vain to grasp the history of any organic thing who does not regard it in relation to its origin, its growth, its dissolution, its relations to objects external to it, the changes which originate in itself, and the modifications accidental or necessary, effected in it by external agents. What we see around us in the natural world is universally admitted to be the result of the operations of causes working by fixed laws. Why those laws exist, or how they came to be, it is not within the domain of physical science to discuss. What they are as they affect living beings is the special province of biology, which is not only at liberty, but bound at all times, to test the correctness of opinions which bear on, or have relations to, its subject matter, and do not appear to have been founded on adequate evidence. A great part of the scientific work of the present century has been that of recasting or rejecting received dogmas. This is not yet complete, and possibly never will be: new means of research showing the incorrectness of the belief of the greatest minds. With regard to the basis of medicine, physiological experiment is necessary to obtain the laws of its action on healthy bodies, but is not alone sufficient to determine the laws of its action on perverted organic structures or functions, as is seen in the common instance of the different effect of opium on a man in health and a man in disease. Clinical observation is, of course, beyond physiological research, and must, from its far more limited field, follow rather than precede. “The day,” observed the president, “on which hundreds of organic compounds are synthetically produced, and the microscope offers for mechanical analysis a clearly-defining magnifying-power of 5,000 linear, is not one when rough work of hand, or conjecture unsupported by proof as to the chemical changes which go on within organic structures, will stand. What life is, will long, perhaps always, evade human ken; what is done during life, what can be done consistently with life, and what produces death among living things, every year makes more sure and more plain, every year makes the search more exciting, the reward more great, the reasons for admiration of the order of things more conclusive, and the admiration and awe more profound.”

Whether considered with reference to originality or the importance of the conclusions to which it points, no paper read before the Association is deserving of more attentive examination than one on “Life,” read before the physiological section by Dr. Lionel Beale. In this paper the author endeavours to prove that

there is evidence of the operation in everything that is alive, of a power and force quite distinct from, and even opposed to any form of physical force yet discovered. He restricts his observations to the cell or elementary part, which he has shown in former memoirs, to be composed of *germinal* or living matter in an active state of vitality, and of what he designates *formed material* which has passed through and out of the germinal state, has ceased to live, and is incapable of those actions characteristic of the germinal or living matter. The author considers that what we generally term vital phenomena really consist of two distinct classes of actions—*physico-chemical* actions and actions purely *vital*. He criticises Mr. Herbert Spencer, who compares the two most unlike kinds of vitality—“assimilation and reasoning,” and endeavours to show in what they agree, for the purpose of discovering the general characteristic distinctive of vitality. Dr. Beale remarks that the phrase “unlike kinds of vitality” requires explanation—that with regard to assimilation and reasoning, the textures, which are the seats of these functions, have a common origin, and that the original living particle from which both assimilative and reasoning organs were evolved never possessed the functions of either. Besides, not only are assimilation and reasoning not essential to life, but no living thing exhibits these phenomena at an early period of its existence. A seed *lives*, but it neither assimilates nor does it *reason*. The author shows that life cannot be dissolved in a fluid, nor carried from place to place, as might be inferred from the remarks of many authors. Its seat is the germinal matter, and this only. In many tissues of the adult, and still more in old age, the proportion of living matter is very small. In young tissues, and in all rapidly growing structures, the proportion is very large. All growth, all active change, is due to the living or germinal matter, which is perfectly transparent and structureless; changes are not excited in this by external agencies, but the first impulse proceeds from within the living matter itself, and is in effect the operation of vital force or power.

Adverting to the comparison now so frequently made between living cells, and laboratories, and machinery, the author remarks that if the cell is a laboratory it is a self-forming, self-multiplying laboratory, in which the elements of the various chemical compounds move themselves away from one another, and take up new but fixed and definite, and apparently pre-arranged relations, without, however, forming new compounds. After remaining in this temporary and exceptional state for a time, and communicating to new matter the wonderful properties they possess, the particles enter into combination to form certain definite compounds, losing contemporaneously their vitality proper. Not only are we compelled to suppose a chemist of marvellous power at work in every one of the cells, but the chemist must be divisible, for in each of the numerous particles into which a mass of living matter may be subdivided, chemical changes occur similar to those which took place in the parent mass. Now, as to the comparison of a living thing to a lifeless machine. Does a machine arise out of a series of changes occurring in the material of which a pre-existing machine consists? Do machines come into existence without human agency? Can the shafts, and wheels, and levers construct themselves out of crude materials? Can they repair what they have lost in working? Can any machine give rise to another equal in power to itself, and equally capable of generating others? Yet these are things which the simplest cells can silently achieve. The paper, which was listened to with marked attention, concluded with the following words:—“Life then is not an aggregate of ordinary forces, but it is that which is capable of causing their operation to be *suspended*. I therefore venture to speak of vital power as distinguished from, and opposed to, physical force. If, however, it can be shown that any of the particular phenomena which I have been led to regard as peculiar to living matter may be explained by physical laws, I shall willingly abandon the theory of a vital power or force distinct from the ordinary forces of matter. But if it cannot be shown that physical forces are alone sufficient to account for all vital phenomena, I think that we should openly admit that such is the case. For do we not really teach more by openly confessing how much there is in nature that cannot be explained by our philosophy than by directing attention to that only which we know and understand?”

Dr. S. Moffatt read a paper on “Phosphorescence in connection with Storms and Disease.” He exhibited tables to show that the atmospheric conditions under which the luminosity of phosphorus took place were those of the south or equatorial current of air, viz. a minimum of atmospheric pressure, and a maximum of temperature and humidity; and that those under which non-luminosity takes place are the conditions of the north or polar current, viz. maximum of pressure, and minimum of temperature and humidity. The atmospheric conditions of ozone and no-ozone periods are the same as those of the luminosity and non-luminosity of phosphorus. Phosphorus becomes luminous and ozone periods commence on the approach of storms; and if a storm sets in during a luminous or ozone period, the luminosity increases in brilliancy and the ozone in quantity. A comparison of Dr. Moffatt’s tables on the luminosity of phosphorus, the abundance of ozone, and the prevalence of disease, with the meteorological records instituted by the late Admiral Fitzroy, revealed the remarkable fact that all the periods of luminosity, commenced with the setting in of the atmospheric conditions announced by warning telegrams. Of diseases, 80 per cent. of the cases of apoplexy, epilepsy, and sudden death occurred on the days on which phosphorus became luminous, the atmospheric conditions which lead to storms, and which are announced by telegrams, being invariably accompanied by diseases of the

nervous, vascular and muscular systems. Although storms are attended with the accession of certain diseases, they are nevertheless of great benefit in a sanitary point of view, as they carry with them a supply of nature's deodorizing and disinfecting agent, ozone. As far as he had had opportunities of observing, he had come to the conclusion that cholera disappears with the setting in of the equatorial or ozoniferous current. This was the case at Newcastle in 1833, and also in the London epidemic. During a cholera-epidemic the barometer-readings are high, a calm prevails, and there is no ozone. In conclusion, seeing the intimate connection which exists between periods of the luminosity of phosphorus and ozone periods, and of non-luminosity and of non-ozone periods, and knowing that ozone is formed by the action of phosphorus on moist air, may we not reasonably look to phosphorescence for the chief source of atmospheric ozone? It was also a question whether we might not find phosphorus a useful disinfectant, by using it as a producer of artificial ozone. He had himself used phosphorus as a disinfectant for four years.

Dr. B. W. Richardson read a paper on certain physiological experiments with ozone. The following are the reliable facts known up to this time respecting ozone:—

- 1.—In a natural state of the air ozone is always present in minute proportions, viz., one part in ten thousand.
- 2.—It is destroyed in large towns, and with special rapidity in crowded, close, and filthy localities.
- 3.—Ozone gives to oxygen properties which enable it to support life. In this respect it acts like heat—its effects are destroyed by great heat.
- 4.—Ozone diffused through air in minute quantities produces, on inhalation, distinct symptoms of acute catarrh—common cold.
- 5.—When animals are subjected to ozone in large quantities, the symptoms produced at a temperature of 75°, are those of inflammation of the throat and mucous membranes generally, and, at last, congestive bronchitis, which, in carnivorous animals, is often rapidly fatal.
- 6.—When animals are subjected for a long period to ozone in small proportions, the agent acts differently, according to the animal. The carnivora die, after some hours, from disorganization of the blood; but the herbivora will live for weeks, and will suffer from no acute disease.
- 7.—The question whether the presence of ozone in the air can produce actual disease must be answered cautiously. Science has yet no actual demonstrative evidence on the point. But the facts approach to demonstration that common cold—catarrh—is induced by this agent. All else is as yet speculative.
- 8.—During periods of intense heat of weather, the ozone loses its active power.
- 9.—On dead organic matter undergoing putrefaction ozone acts rapidly—it entirely deodorizes by breaking up the ammoniacal products of decomposition, at the same time it hastens the organic destruction.
- 10.—There is an opposite condition of air in which the oxygen is rendered negative in its action, as compared with air charged with ozone. Air can thus be rendered negative by merely subjecting it, over and over again, to animals for respiration. The purification of such air from carbonic acid and other tangible impurities, does not render it capable of supporting healthy life; but ozone restores this power. In a negative condition of air, the purification of organic matter is greatly modified, and offensive products are increased; wounds become unhealthy, and heal slowly.
- 11.—There is no demonstrative evidence, as yet, that any diseases are actually caused by this negative condition of air; but the inference is fair, that diseases which show a putrefactive tendency are influenced injuriously by a negative condition of the oxygen of the air. It is also probable that during this state decomposing organic poisonous matters become more injurious.
- 12.—As ozone is used up in crowded localities, and as it is essential that ozone should be constantly supplied in order to sustain the removal of decomposing substances and their products, no mere attention to ventilation can be fully effective in close neighbourhoods unless the air introduced be made active by ozone. Fever hospitals, and other large buildings in towns, should therefore be artificially fed with ozonized air.

Dr. Dickenson read a paper on the "Functions of the Cerebellum," founded chiefly on experiments on the lower order of animals. He found that the removal of the cerebellum had an effect on the muscles of the limbs, which was greater or less, according to the proportionate size of the organ, and which consisted in a diminution of voluntary power and of the power of muscular adjustment. Where an inequality of effect was noticed, the loss was greater in the posterior limbs. From the effect of lateral injuries, it must be assumed that each lateral half of the organ has an influence on both sides of the body, but to a greater extent upon the side opposite to itself. The removal of the cerebellum had no effect upon superficial sensation, on any special sense, on the action of the involuntary muscles, or on reflex movements.

Professor Hughes Bennett pointed out that the results of some of the experiments of Dr. Dickenson, in removing the cerebellum, were directly at variance with those obtained by other experimenters, particularly in the case of pigeons. There was a sense which taught us to apportion more force to lift a ball of lead than a ball of wood, forming in reality a sixth sense; he was disposed to believe the cerebellum to be connected with this power.

Mr. Prideaux observed that, considering the extreme delicacy of the parts and their intimate connection, he had no faith in experiments by mutilation. No two experimenters had ever agreed or ever would. In fact, he denied that an operator could ensure performing precisely the same experiment twice following, neither wounding more nor fewer of the nervous fibres. A far more promising mode of

discovering the functions of the nervous centres was to compare the manifestations of different animals in which these centres differed greatly in size. He had read a paper on the functions of the cerebellum at Bath last year, which at least proved that the current views of physiologists, that the cerebellum as a whole was developed in proportion to an animal's power of making complicated movements, were erroneous. He had attempted to show that the cerebellum comprised at least two organs: the central lobe being the ganglion of the muscular nerves, and the lateral lobes the ganglion of the cuticular system of nerves. In birds only the rudiment of a lateral lobe existed, and their cerebellum was developed in the most exact ratio to their powers of flight, varying in its proportion to the cerebrum from 1 to 12 and 13 in the owl, to 1 to 4 in the swallow tribe. In cetaceans, on the contrary, the large size of the cerebellum was mainly caused by the enormous development of the lateral lobes, and the development of the cuticular system of nerves in this class was equally remarkable. The bat had proportionally the largest cerebellum of any animal, uniting the large central lobe of swiftly flying birds with the large lateral lobe of cetaceans; and, in harmony with the views he advocated, it combined the agility of the swallow with the extraordinary cuticular sensibility of the porpoise.

Public attention has of late years been so much directed towards the mode of life and state of civilization of the human race at periods anterior to history; and the division of these early times by recent students of prehistoric man into ages of stone, bronze, and iron is so well known, that something approaching excitement was occasioned by the rumour that one of our most noted antiquaries, Mr. Thomas Wright, was going to read a paper in which one at least of these epochs—the age of bronze—was to be demolished, and shown to be a mere creature of the imagination. The paper was entitled "On the true Assignment of the Bronze Weapons supposed to indicate a Bronze Age in Western and Northern Europe." Mr. Wright objected *in toto* to the assumption of periods or ages from differences in the construction of weapons, and mode of ornamentation, imported from the northern antiquaries, and most especially against the age of bronze. The bronze swords and other weapons and tools were the corner-stone of this bronze age; and the author adduced evidence to show that all these were Roman. Wherever they had been found in England, it was under circumstances that led to the presumption of their being Roman. The same might be said of France, and the French antiquaries had always considered them as such; and he instanced two cases where these swords had been found with skeletons of Roman soldiers, with coins of the 3rd and 4th centuries after Christ. The Roman consular coinage showed that these bronzes words were the arms of Republican Rome. He also produced a drawing of a consular coin of Brutus, the dagger on which must be assumed to represent that with which Cæsar was slain, and which greatly resembled those found in what are supposed to be the primitive graves of the Britons of the bronze period. Under the Romans there was a vast number of itinerant manufacturers of bronze swords and other implements, who visited not only the borders of the empire, but even penetrated into the barbarian countries beyond in search of employment and gain.

Sir John Lubbock observed that the pottery found with the bronze implements did not agree with the Roman pottery, neither did the composition of the true bronze of the bronze age agree with that of the Roman period. The Roman bronze generally contained about 30 per cent. of lead, which was entirely absent from the bronze of the true bronze age, the period when the metal constituted the material of which cutting weapons were made. The form of ornamentation also was entirely different; and this proved they had nothing in common. As to the outline of the dagger on the consular coin of Brutus, some amount of resemblance in shape almost necessarily followed where objects were to be applied to the same use whether they were made of bronze or iron. There was no evidence that the Roman arms ever penetrated into Ireland or Denmark; yet these were the two countries in which the bronze remains most abounded, and in which the finest specimens were discovered.

Mr. Evans supported the views of Sir John Lubbock.

Mr. Prideaux read a paper entitled "Phrenology, or the Physiology of the Brain the most important department of Ethnology," in which he congratulated the Association upon the fact that Phrenology was no longer "a prohibited subject" at its meetings, as he had been told by the president of one of its sections nineteen years ago. They had now no prohibited subjects, and no dangerous truths; in fact, such a phrase would now justly be regarded as a contradiction in terms. The phrenologist required to unite to a considerable extent the powers of mental analysis of the psychologist and metaphysician with the instinct of observation by which the naturalist is distinguished, and in the fact that individuals who combine the two phases of character will be less numerous than those who possess one of the qualifications singly, we see a clear explanation of the cause that renders the scientific cultivators of phrenology fewer in number than either the physicists or the metaphysicians. Mr. Prideaux concluded by begging his hearers not to take their ideas on the subject at second hand, but to read for themselves the work of the great master and discoverer of the science, Gall. They would find in so doing an ample reward, for in this way only could they acquire an "adequate idea of the majesty of intellect, and grandeur of character, of a philosopher who belongs to the small band of immortals whose figures are destined to loom grandly through the vista of ages marking epochs in the history of man."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

NEW TESTAMENT FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

In the review which appeared in our columns some time ago of the first volume of Dr. Alford's "New Testament for English Readers," we pointed out, as a grave defect, that the Dean had confined himself to giving the new renderings in foot-notes, where a revised text placed side by side with the authorized version would have been preferable. Very few readers will take the pains to work in detached new renderings with the ordinary version, so as to arrive at a correct notion of the changes these renderings should make in whole passages. Besides, the striking out of an old word, and the substitution of another in its place, is not always sufficient. Very frequently it is necessary to recast whole clauses in order to express the author's true meaning. We are glad, therefore, to find that this method of foot-note renderings has been abandoned in the volume before us on the Epistles of St. Paul, and that we now have a first essay from so distinguished a dignitary as Dr. Alford towards a revision of the most difficult part of the Bible.

The usual notes explanatory of the text are given in this volume, with an ample selection of marginal references to other parts of Scripture. There is also an Introduction of 130 pages on the authorship and integrity, the language and style, the object for which, the readers for whom, and the time and place where, each epistle was written. In this preliminary exposition, a large amount of useful information is given, specially adapted to the wants of the mere English reader. Attention is drawn to the Apostle's peculiar fondness for the use of complicated antitheses, to his frequent plays upon words, and the constant introduction of parenthetical observations into his arguments. Several profitable cautions are also added as to the correct understanding of the Apostle's meaning in passages which the Dean considers, in our authorized version, unnecessarily lax.

But the feature of the present volume which will excite most interest is the "Revised Version," which is given on each page in a column parallel with the Authorized version. As a matter of course, the new version is not perfect. It is but justice to Dr. Alford to say that neither from his pen, nor from that of the most distinguished scholar that ever lived, could come a translation that would give universal satisfaction. There is, first, the inherent abstruseness of the subject, which is very great in argumentative compositions, like St. Paul's epistles. Next we have the difficulty of always representing the play of words in which Paul so much delighted, and of finding an exact English equivalent for every Greek word, which in a literal translation must, as far as possible, be attempted. But these difficulties, which are common to the classics and Scripture, are tenfold greater in the latter. Lord Derby's translation of Homer, it seems, has given universal satisfaction; but a much freer translation was allowable there than, considering its nature and object, could be thought of in Scripture. In Lord Derby's case there was no authorized version to stand in his way, invested with a sanctity that repelled all profane and needless intermeddling with its words. The translator had not to contend with associations and prejudices of even his own mind, and there were no fierce antipathies in readers to be overcome, as numberless as the infinite varieties of religious opinion that give them birth. All these difficulties exist as to the New Testament especially, and render it almost impossible to produce a satisfactory new translation, that will be free enough to secure the full meaning of the original Greek text, and yet so literal that none of that meaning shall be lost.

The undertaking being of such great complexity, it is not, therefore, to be wondered at if there be many defects in the Dean of Canterbury's revised version of St. Paul's epistles. Its excellences are many; and in few respects has Dr. Alford rendered more service to the English reader than in directing his attention to the changes made in the Apostle's meaning by giving the proper rendering to the several Greek tenses—a subject not at all understood at the time the authorized version was made. The substitution of "love" for "charity" in the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians, by which the identity of the opinions of St. Paul, as to this virtue, with those of St. John is made evident to English readers, is an undoubted improvement. But, as a general rule, we fear the Dean has laboured at his task with too tender a hand. He trips too lightly and gingerly among words for which it would have been better had others been substituted. His translation does not bear the impress of a vigorous intellect, that quickly sees the author's meaning, and grasps it with effect. His classical attainments often stand in his way, to prevent his catching the point of an apostolic argument, which a higher logical capacity would have penetrated. There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that a knowledge of the classical authors, of Greek grammar, of the use of tenses and moods, and of particles, illustrated by ever so great an abundance of examples, is all that is required to make a good translator. A far higher faculty must be added to all these,—the power of seeing the drift of an author's argument, of connecting its links, and noticing the gaps which occur, the material to fill which may be found in other places. We doubt if the Dean of Canterbury possesses this faculty to the degree that is necessary to make his classical attainments tell thoroughly on the work he has undertaken. As an

instance, we shall take the well-known passage in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans (ix. 3)—"I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." It has always been considered a great difficulty in the authorized version, that these words represent St. Paul as ready to make a sacrifice of his eternal welfare, in eternal separation from Christ, for the sake of his countrymen. The difficulty has been removed by other critical scholars of equal authority with Dr. Alford, by taking the imperfect tense, *ἤχόμην*, not in its conditional, but its simple indicative tense, and rendering the passage, "I did once wish," instead of "I could wish." The observation of the Apostle would then amount to this—"I have great heaviness and sorrow in my heart (for I did once wish that I had no part in Christ) for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." The words in the parenthesis are simply an allusion to the war of persecution which, before his conversion, he waged against Christians, and a most natural account of his sorrow for his kinsmen who were, as regards himself, engaged in carrying on the same. This Dr. Alford does not see, and he consequently rejects it for the old rendering, on the ground that the imperfect is *sometimes* used in a conditional sense.

Another instance is what Mr. Moon would certainly consider a very inelegant rendering of Romans i. 3. The passage in the Greek is a striking one, for, by a simple antithesis, it brings into strong contrast the human and divine natures of Christ, and yet illustrates their connection. It is no easy task to render it literally. The authorized version consequently has failed to convey its meaning, but so also has Dr. Alford's "Revised Version." It was just the place where talent, erudition, and a command of the English language, could have achieved a complete success. We ourselves plead total inability for undertaking such a task; yet we conceive that we give the true meaning, while the relation of the clauses is preserved, in the following free and yet sufficiently literal translation:—"Concerning his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, begotten, as to the flesh, through the seed of David, declared the Son of God with power, as to his Spirit of holiness, through his resurrection from the dead." In this, the parts of the original antithesis are preserved,—"*begotten*" set against "*declared*"; "*as to the flesh*" against "*as to the Spirit of holiness*," or the holy spiritual nature of Christ; and "*through the flesh*" against "*through his resurrection*." Both the authorized and Dr. Alford's versions fail to convey these contrasts and similitudes. How weak, in comparison with the above, is the Dean's version, in which the clause "Jesus Christ our Lord" is awkwardly separated from its natural connection—a fault avoided by the old translators. His rendering is as follows:—"Concerning his Son, which was born of the seed of David, according to the flesh, which was with power declared to be the Son of God, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead, even Jesus Christ our Lord." Such a revision scarcely deserves the name; the word "which," twice introduced, is not at all in the original; the result is not only meagre, but a very inelegant improvement of the Queen's English of our good old Bible.

In the fourth chapter of 1st Thessalonians also, Dr. Alford has made an alteration which everybody must admit is no improvement. It is certainly desirable that the word "prevent," used so often in Scripture in its old sense of "going before" or "anticipating," should make way for another, and the need of such a change could scarcely be greater than in the passage in which (verse 15) St. Paul says that "We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep." The idea here evidently is that the "quick" at the last day will not take precedence in time of "the dead in Christ" in meeting the Lord. Instead of "prevent," Dr. Alford has "gain an advantage." To take precedence, or go before, may sometimes be the gaining of an advantage; but "gaining advantage" expresses much more than precedence, and, therefore, cannot accurately reflect the idea which was in the Apostle's mind, and which yet the old translators, in the language of their day, so well expressed by "prevent."

Another passage to which we may here allude, the beauty of which has been spoiled by a too literal translation resulting in very distorted English, is that in which St. Paul (1 Cor. ii. 9) says that, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit." The Dean's version is—"Things which eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard, and which hath not entered into the heart of man, things that God hath prepared for them that love him, hath God revealed unto us through his spirit." It is doubtful if this be a correct translation; it is opposed to the punctuation adopted in most readings, and is based on a very questionable view of the relative pronoun which occurs twice in the passage, and in each place is rendered "things" by the Dean. At all events it does not convey the meaning one whit clearer than the authorized version does, and for that reason it is opposed to a rule of revising the Bible, namely, that no words or passages in the authorized version should be changed unless the sense absolutely requires it.

Many other very questionable results of the Dean's revision we might refer to, such as the substitution of "brought to vanity" for "became vain" (Romans i. 21), and "deemed not his being on an equality with God a thing to grasp at," for "thought it not robbery to be equal with God" in the celebrated passage in Philippians which sets forth the Divinity of Christ. We might also point to the inconsistency of translating the same word "herald" in 1 Timothy xi. 7, and "preacher" in the beautiful passage in Romans x. 13-15, where the figure which is used of the feet of the

* The New Testament for English Readers, containing the Authorized Version, with a Revised English Text, &c. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Vol. II., Part I. The Epistles of St. Paul. London: Rivingtons. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

messengers that proclaim the gospel of peace is essentially that of a "herald." We might wonder, also, how it was that the Dean omitted to direct attention to the last two verses of Romans vii., and to show that the connection of sense requires us to believe that the latter part of the second of these verses has fallen from its proper place, and should be placed between the 23rd and 24th verses. The "mystery of godliness" (1 Timothy iii. 16), and his rejection of the ordinary reading of "God manifest in the flesh," for "who was manifested in the flesh," would also be deserving of notice. But from all such criticisms space now compels us to refrain. Our main object has been accomplished—viz., to show how difficult the task is of producing a satisfactory revised version of the New Testament, and what cause we have to be content with the existing. Dr. Alford's work is decidedly a valuable contribution to this kind of literature; but, if he would thoroughly succeed, he must bring to his task a large courage, rely as much on penetrating thought as on classical lore, and resolve to represent in his version as far as possible the play of words and the force of antithesis in which Paul so freely indulged.

ESSAYS BY CUTHBERT BEDE.*

WHY Mr. Cuthbert Bede's volume of essays should be called "The Rook's Garden" we do not know. It is true that the first of the collection, occupying exactly sixteen pages, bears that title, and is a pretty, though rather sentimental, sketch of a rook which had made its nest among the ferns and wallflowers at the base of the steeple of an old English cathedral, and which from that exalted position used to observe the grandson of the verger, a golden-haired chorister-boy, who died prematurely. But with p. 16 we lose sight of the rook and his garden, and the title, as applied to the whole series, becomes unmeaning. The essays have indeed no connection whatever. They have appeared from time to time in various periodicals, and are now gathered into an elegant volume, adorned with some very quaint and graceful head-and-tail pieces. We cannot affirm that they throw any novel light on life or manners; but they are well-written, sensible, and entertaining productions, and we are content that Mr. Bede should have his say over again in the graver and more solid form of a book. The greatest fault we can allege against them is their occasional assumption of a fine gentleman tone of superiority to vulgar tradesmen and artisans—an assumption which is in itself a species of vulgarity, and which leads the author into a number of very threadbare common-places about "the shay, or trap, or pheeyton, in which Jones drives out Mrs. J. for a hairing," and about Jones and "his spouse, Hanner Mariar." There are unquestionably very vulgar people among the trading classes, as there are in other classes, and the money-getting spirit may be more likely to contract the mind than the scholarly spirit, or the artistic spirit, or even the aristocratic spirit. External culture is much, but it is not everything; and the habit of perpetually girding at any one class, selecting the worst specimens as examples of the whole, and complacently putting out of sight all that may fairly be said on the other side, is as great a sign of narrowness of view and incompleteness of sympathy as anything in poor Jones and his wife. Mr. Tennyson, in the introduction to his "Maud," embodied the largest class of his fellow-countrymen in a symbolical shop-keeper, whom he described as a "cheating, snub-nosed rogue," devoid of conscience and courage. But could anything be more pitiful, purblind, and essentially vulgar, because simply the echo of a temporary mood of the popular mind, than Mr. Tennyson's deification of war in the same poem, or than his shriek as to "invasion" a few years later, with the sing-song burthen of "Form, form, riflemen form," &c.? No doubt there are tradesmen who aspirate their vowels, as there are men of University education who write bad grammar and in a slovenly style; but the fault is not sufficiently general to justify an author in selecting it as typical of the whole class. A certain weekly journal has encouraged of late years an affectation of being unable to endure any one who has not been educated at a college or a public school. The affectation was bad enough in those who originated it, but by repetition it has become intolerable. It has led to a vast amount of rampant snobbishness in contemporary literature; it may be imitated with a very small outlay of thought and trouble; and in particular circles it is the easiest way of making a hit, and being esteemed a man of knowledge and refinement.

However, a good deal of Mr. Bede's volume is quite unexceptional in spirit and in expression. The paper on "International Ignorance" contains some very amusing instances of the astounding mistakes with regard to the English manners made by French novelists, journalists, and dramatic authors. The essayist analyzes several recent productions of French ingenuity professing to represent the social life or the political history of this country, and it would certainly be difficult to imagine more ludicrous blunders. "Le Nain Jaune" was enabled to publish the exclusive intelligence that, at a certain English race-meeting, when the 'Handicapeur' published the weights for a race, there was a perfect outbreak among the 'sportmen,' one of whom, a great noble of the highest caste, exclaimed, 'Blood and thunder! I order for dinner to-night a quarter of that Handicapeur!' And a French novelist, when he designed to depict the life of an English sportsman with minute fidelity, represented him as driving his *tilburi* on the boulevard of

the Tower, and saying to his mare, 'Hoop! hoop! Clara!' this same Clara being a very notable animal—*jument fameuse qui a deux fois gagné le Derbi*. The blue-ribbon of the turf twice won by a mare who afterwards runs in a *tilburi* on the boulevard of the Tower of London, is probably an exposition of international ignorance that could scarcely be surpassed in its incongruous elements." It appears that in France our huntsmen are supposed to follow the hounds in the Highland costume; and in an adaptation of "Aurora Floyd," performed at Paris in the autumn of 1863, Kentish peasants are dressed in the same way. In another play we hear of "the farmer of Primrose Hill," who, when elated with pudding and gin, dances a reel to the music of bagpipes!

Under the head of "A 'Genteel' Article," Mr. Cuthbert Bede pleasantly points out that there are certain words and modes of pronunciation which, though at one time fashionable or even universally adopted, have now become mean and vulgar, and are only allowable on the lips of the old, or on those of people who have a social standing sufficiently high to save them from the suspicion of ignorance:—

"In a matter of this kind, what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and what may be excused in one case, might be altogether condemned in another. Thus, Lord Russell may say that he will feel *obliged* to the noble lord for such-and-such information—because Lord Russell belongs to an antediluvian period, and persists in adhering to the pronunciation that was fashionable in his youth; but if Mr. Whipper-Snapper, his Lordship's secretary, was to forget himself so far as to say *obleege* instead of *oblige*, he would probably be snapped up by his chief as a plagiarist, if not a caricaturist. Another noble lord, too, may tell us that he will feel it his *dooty* to bring forward such and-such a motion on *Toosday* next. And yet, despite these noble precedents, it will not do either for you or for me, gentle reader, to say that our *dooty obleegees* us to do so-and-so; for, we are not veteran statesmen of high rank, and we must refrain from taking liberties with the received mode of pronunciation, unless we desire to be relegated to a low stratum of society, and to be regarded as flounders in the mad of provincialisms.

"Again, the Hon. and Rev. Towers Loftly says *tossel* instead of *tassel*, and *wropped* for *wrapped*; and he may do so because he is an honourable and a peer's son, though not because he is a reverend; for—at least, so I take it—he ought, when he uses the latter word, in certain chapters read in the church at Christmas and Easter, to pronounce it as it is pronounced by the great body of educated Englishmen, of whom the clergy form a portion, and whose pronunciation ought to be listened to with as critical ears as their enunciation. I do not speak here of such variations in pronunciation as *neether* and *niether*, *sovereign* and *suver'ign*, *erd* and *er-red*, *sissum* and *sissim* (the latter pronunciation being authorized by a learned prebend in one of our northern cathedrals), for these are cases in which *either* or *eyether* pronunciation may be safely left to the discretion of the reader; but I refer to such instances as Mr. Towers Loftly's *wropped* and *tossel*, and to the Rev. Athelstan Conquest, who was wont to pray for the Prince Olbert, and Olbert, Prince of Wales. But, then, Mr. Conquest comes of a famous county family whose names and possessions are written in Domesday Book; and his position is not to be shaken by the substitution of an O for an A. It is clearly a very different affair with his curate, who comes of a more plebeian stock, and is of no particular family or county; from his lips such a pronunciation would fall as a vulgarity."

The man of position may make these mistakes with greater impunity than the man who has to fight his way in the world; but the only real excuse is the usage of former times, when the speaker was young, and when he acquired his ideas of pronunciation. From this branch of his subject, Mr. Bede is led to consider the strange rhymes which are sometimes to be found in the poets; and he quotes a passage from Tennyson's "Dying Swan," to show that the Laureate—at any rate, for this one occasion—pronounces *yellow yallow*. We do not think, however, that the evidence is at all conclusive. The passage (which is one of great beauty and perfect modulation) is as follows:—

"One willow o'er the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh:
Above, in the wind, was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far through the marsh green and still
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow."

Mr. Cuthbert Bede argues that, because Tennyson makes "yellow" rhyme to "swallow," he means to pronounce the former word "yallow." If the rhyme proved anything, it would prove that he pronounced the word "yallow." The simple truth we take to be, that he did as all other poets do at times—he availed himself of a faint or incomplete rhyme, the rather as three lines intervene, and render the divergence less obvious. In a passage of "In Memoriam," he makes "Christ" and "Evangelist" rhyme; yet it will hardly be contended that he pronounces the *i* short in the one instance, or long in the other. Mr. Bede says that "yallow" is an Eastern Counties' mispronunciation, and that Tennyson may have adopted it from his Lincolnshire associates in youth; but at the same time he admits that in other poems he makes the word rhyme after the customary fashion, so that the single instance to the contrary has very little weight. Swift, according to Mr. Bede, frequently made Irish rhymes; and, though we can hardly agree with our author in designating Swift as an Irishman (since his parentage was certainly English, and probably his birth too), we can readily understand that his long association with the Irish people may have affected his speech. Edmund

* The Rook's Garden. Essays and Sketches. By Cuthbert Bede. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

Spenser, who was a mature man before he settled in the sister island, has introduced some exceedingly Irish rhymes into the "Faery Queene." He makes "retreat" rhyme to "hate," and spells it "retrate"; "pervert" (spelt "pervart") to "smart"; "transferred" (spelt "transfarred") to "ward"; and "soul" (spelt "sowle") to "owl." The last, which occurs in Book IV. c. 5, st. 41, is peculiarly Irish:—

"And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
Loude shrieking, him afflicted to the very sowle."

These remarks of Mr. Bede's on pronunciation are introductory to some discussion on the use of the word "genteel," the decline of which, from a meaning co-equal with "gentlemanly" to associations of a shabby and pretentious kind, is excellently traced.

Among the humorous essays is one on "The Institution of the Tub," comparing the dirty habits of our ancestors with the more cleanly observances of the present day. Here, together with some rather hackneyed stories, we meet with one which is less generally known. "Once," said Coleridge, "I sat in a coach opposite a Jew; a symbol of old clothes-bags; an Isaiah of Holywell-street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him: 'Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at that distance: dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?' My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, 'he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman.'" This certainly justifies Lamb's observation to Leigh Hunt, that there was "a good deal of fun in Coleridge."

MR. FERGUSSON'S LECTURES ON THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AND THE TEMPLE.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE subjects discussed in our previous article occupy Mr. Fergusson's first lecture, which is specially on the Holy Sepulchre; the second, on the Temple, contains a not less curious and important side of the inquiry. Mr. Fergusson's theory was assailable so long as it was commonly held that the Dome of the Rock was within the Temple area, for, if so, it could be argued that it was a Muslim building, and not a Christian one. His object may be thus stated in his own words:—"If I can convince you that the rock, which is situated in the centre of the building popularly known as the Mosque of Omar, is, and always was, known to be outside the Temple area, you will be forced to admit that that building was not erected by the Moslems—the only reason ever advanced by any one for assigning it to them being that on that rock stood the Holy of Holies, or the Altar of the Jews. If it was not built by the Moslems, it was by the Christians; and if by them, it could be no other than the church which Constantine erected over what he believed to be the cave in which the body of our Lord was laid. . . . The architecture is of his age, and neither he nor any other Christian ever built a church in Jerusalem or anywhere else, the whole floor of which was occupied by a great rock with a cave in it, but that which Eusebius describes as the one erected by that Emperor." It may be as well for us to explain that Mr. Fergusson here means that no one ventures to suppose the Dome of the Rock was built after the earliest Muslim times, but that, as it is known that the Muslims built on the Temple site, if this building were without the site, it could only have been raised earlier by the Christians, and, if so, its characteristics point beyond doubt to Constantine's church, while, on the other hand, this very fact of its being without the Temple site is necessary for that identification to which the cave gives a peculiar support.

In order to ascertain the space occupied by the Temple, Mr. Fergusson goes back to the Tabernacle, which may be called its original model so far as the essential dimensions are concerned, and then discusses the several temples—the First Temple, raised by Solomon, that described by Ezekiel, and the Second Temple, raised by Zerubbabel and enlarged by Herod. In ascertaining the form of the Tabernacle, he ingeniously shows how remarkably the measures and all other particulars accord with the idea that it had not the strange rectangular form hitherto assigned to it, but was what was needed by the requirements of the case—a tent. The First Temple he supposes to have been of the same proportions as the Tabernacle, all the dimensions being exactly doubled. It seems disappointing, used as we are to the "fallacy of magnitude," to hear that the building itself, the Temple proper, was of about the size of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which, if it "had a flat roof, and its interior was occupied by two chambers, surrounded by a range of cells on three sides, it would, mechanically, very nearly represent the most celebrated building in the world." The cause was that the Temple "was built in the 'Bronze Age' of architecture, which, unlike what happened in archaeology, preceded the great 'Stone Age.' Its magnificence consisted in the brazen pillars of its porch, its brazen seats and altars, its cedar pillars covered with gold, and generally in its richness and metallic splendour." "The Temple," as the writer said in his lecture, more tersely than here, "was built by smiths, not masons." Any restoration is at present out of the

question, and we can look neither to Egypt nor Assyria for materials from which even to conjecture the outline. Not alone were the Jews never architects, but, until a late period, having no other temple and no synagogues, this great edifice does not seem to have ever been copied or imitated, unlike the originals of other countries, which have each given rise to a series, descending often through many centuries.

The Temple seen by Ezekiel in a vision is very interesting, as preserving the dimensions of the First Temple, and laying down the ideal which was strictly followed, so far as the plan was carried out, in the Second Temple, as built by Zerubbabel: this Mr. Fergusson has convincingly shown. Herod, though he did not venture to alter the Temple itself, except by widening its façade, greatly added to the subsidiary buildings, and enlarged the sacred enclosure, making it 600 feet square, according to Mr. Fergusson's explanation. This is a most important matter, for upon it hinges the question of whether the Dome of the Rock is without or within the Temple enclosure. Mr. Fergusson complains, not without reason, of the unsatisfactory manner in which it has been treated by Count Melchior de Vogüé, who is equally distinguished as a learned archaeologist acquainted with Jerusalem, and a thoroughly honest writer. He fears that M. de Vogüé's hasty conclusion will be cited against him by those opponents, who, if they can shake the public opinion of his results, do not seem to care by what means they do so. It is satisfactory to hear that the recent Royal Engineer survey of Jerusalem appears to have decided this question in Mr. Fergusson's favour. The restoration of the Temple at the time of our Lord, given in this essay, is interesting rather as showing what the best authority thinks most probable, than as an approach to accuracy, as he indeed frankly admits. How far under his view this famous building comes up to our ideas of its grandeur must be left to individual taste. Mr. Fergusson's opinion is thus given:—

"The design of Herod's Temple may have wanted something of that classical simplicity we so much admire in other buildings of another period, and its details may have been more gorgeous than pure. But, take it all in all, so complex a building, rising terrace above terrace, and court within court, must have afforded a variety of perspective and a splendour of effect which, coupled with its dimensions, must have equalled, if it did not surpass, anything we know of elsewhere."

The cardinal defect seems to us to be here slighted. It is the combination of the surface style of Ctesiphon in the main structure with the columnar late Greek of the great portico. To us, who are used to the mixture of all styles with a quasi-classical, this is not startling, and even Mr. Fergusson does not seem to have seen its incongruity; but it cannot be questioned that the styles of the older building, and of Herod's most decorated additions, both as here represented, could never possibly have harmonized. However much classical details may have been introduced, as Mr. Fergusson evidently supposes, into the surface of the Temple itself, its proportions, outlines, and main details can never have been in accordance with the most remarkable additions, unless, indeed, the older part were more nearly classical in its forms than the restoration allows.

But we must pass on from this interesting subject to notice the historical inquiry as to the opinion of the early Muslims upon the site of the Temple, for, if they thought that it included the Dome of the Rock, they might be thought to have founded that building. In order to determine this point, it is necessary to trace the history of the Temple site from the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Hadrian, in order to strike a blow at the remains of Jewish independence, founded a temple of Jupiter upon the site. Julian the Apostate, with the desire of favouring the Jews and preventing the accomplishment of our Lord's predictions of the utter destruction of the Temple, attempted to rebuild it. The miraculous overthrow of Julian's scheme, the last of those great wonders which Jerusalem has witnessed, attested by his friend Ammianus Marcellinus, must have fixed the knowledge of the site for some time afterwards. At the time of the Muslim conquest, Omar was desirous to build a mosque upon the site of the Temple, and the patriarch led him to a waste place where he founded what was really the Mosque of Omar. Arculfus, a French bishop, describes a great square mosque of the Saracens as standing on the Temple site at the time of his visit, eight years after the date when the Dome of the Rock is said to have been built by them. Everything thus tends to show that the mosque El-Aksa, as already stated, and not the Dome of the Rock, really occupies the site of the Temple, which could not have extended more than 600 feet northward from its southern wall. The argument of the second lecture is thus summed up:—"1st. [That] the Temple of Herod was a building 600 feet square, neither more nor less. 2nd. That it was situated in the south-west angle of the Haram area. 3rd. That both the Christians and the Moslems knew perfectly well, in the seventh century, what the dimensions of the Temple were, and where it was situated."

Thus Mr. Fergusson has exhausted all attainable evidence, and has found no reason to modify a conclusion reached so long ago as in 1846. Difficulties there are, and he is willing to acknowledge them, but they are in no one case subversive of any essential point of the theory. Considering the intricacy of the subject and the unsatisfactory nature of much of the evidence, it is very remarkable that there should be so strong a general agreement. At a time when the accuracy of the historical Scriptures is often questioned, it is satisfactory to find so acute and learned an

* The Holy Sepulchre and the Temple at Jerusalem, being the Substance of Two Lectures delivered in the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, by James Fergusson, F.R.S. London: Murray.

archæologist as Mr. Fergusson coming forward as a willing witness of their truthfulness. Thus, for instance, as to the form of the Tabernacle, he remarks:—"There are so many unexpected coincidences in the account in the Pentateuch, that it seems to me clear that it must have been written by some one who had seen it standing. No one could have worked it out in such detail without ocular demonstration of the way the parts would fit together." Similarly, the details of the dimensions of the first Temple are shown to be strictly correct.

We have not had space to notice Mr. Fergusson's interesting account of the Mosque at Hebron, held to enclose the Cave of Machpelah, and many other curious matters. Our object has been to give a summary of the arguments in favour of the identity of the Dome of the Rock with Constantine's Church, and of its cave with the Holy Sepulchre, as well as to state the chief objections that have been or may be alleged on the other side.

NEW NOVELS.*

If bad examples served more than a negative purpose, we might find some use for three out of the four novels now in our hands. Specially instructive would be "Langleyhaugh, a Tale of an Anglo-Saxon Family." Its claims even to the modest title which it assumes are slight. The requisites for a tale are, indeed, less imposing than those for a novel: the former may pass muster, though the plot be simple, and the interest maintained without exciting incident. We grant to "Langleyhaugh," for the want of these elements, the pardon which it seems to require. But we are entitled to look for grace in style, purity in sentiment, and agreeable portraiture of character. In "Langleyhaugh," search would be made in vain for any of these essential features of a good tale. The book is but a medley of grotesque characters of whom the greater number are incidentally introduced, and have no connection, either direct or indirect, with the development of the narrative. These absurd and wearisome creations serve the authoress, however, as mouthpieces for puerile discourses on theology, geology, and physiology—subjects which are not easily harmonized with the general bent of a novel, even when soundly handled, and when the views held are expounded in good and grammatical English. Here we have an idle parade of pseudo-science, in language which is stilted and extravagant. The characters, too, are overdrawn, with the same tendency to excess. We will allow the authoress to describe the younger Cuthbert Langley, the hero, in her own words:—

"At the age of five years he was a total stranger to the ways of his own sex. He had never had any intercourse with it. He saw men moving about in the streets, but it never occurred to him that he could have anything in common with individuals who were not dressed in petticoats. All the affection that had ever been bestowed upon him had come from the beings he was with from morn to night; he loved them all, and had no idea of loving any one else. He thought his own sex had no claim upon his affections, and the sentiment that had predominated in the mind of the child took for several years afterwards a cynical dislike to it."

From a "cynical child" he grew to be an insufferable prig, but still a prig who falls in love. The reader at this part is favoured with elementary dissertations on theology, which, written in bad English, form the staple of the letters Cuthbert sends to Miss de Courcy, "the young female," to use the favourite expression of the authoress, intended for the heroine. After reading this book, it seemed doubtful whether serious criticism would not be out of place, and whether by applying solid tests of merit we should not seem to be reviewing a farce (though an unintentional one) in a spirit only suitable to a legitimate drama. The following passage, which is only a fair sample of what may be met with in almost every page, will give the gauge of the author's characteristics:—

"The first offer a virgin receives always produces a rapid succession of telegraphic movements in the female cosmos, conveying the interesting information through every nerve of the system, until the agitated points converge on their approach to the sensorium, and present themselves to the judgment of the flurried female intellect."

Revertentur pollices!

Of "Doctor Mills's Marriage, and What Came of It," we must observe that the oddity of the title gives to the book an individuality which it would not otherwise possess, either in virtue of its merit or demerit. It is one of those well-intentioned but feeble attempts at a novel which few would care to own, but which may yet find some patrons among gluttonous readers, who welcome all as fish that comes to their net. With the exception of occasional inelegancies of language, its faults are chiefly of a negative character. To an unexacting mind, the purity of sentiment and the simplicity, approaching grace, displayed in the sketch of the two sisters Clara and Jane Mills, might be almost a sufficient compensation for the lack of interest and force from which the book suffers. Clara and Jane Mills are the two daughters of Doctor Mills, and they are turned out of doors by their father because they will not abjure their faith in favour of that of their stepmother—a Roman Catholic.

* Langleyhaugh: a Tale of an Anglo-Saxon Family. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Dr. Mills's Marriage, and What Came of It. Two vols. London: Bluns & Goodwin.

God's Providence-House. By Mrs. Linnæus Banks. Three vols. London: Bentley.

Strathmore. By "Ouida." Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

The one finds honourable employment as a governess, the other contracts a secret marriage which is afterwards happily recognised. The story is simple, the language commonplace; there is an absolute destitution of ideas, and a plentiful lack of incident. It is a literary chip in the fictional porridge.

At Chester there is an old house bearing the inscription, "God's Providence is mine inheritance." From this motto, Mrs. Banks has drawn a title and text for her novel, "God's Providence-House." Mr. Peover, the owner of the house, finds a buried chest of valuable coins and jewellery, at a time when a series of mishaps bids fair to ruin him. Not knowing the law, which, while it allows a purse found on the ground to be appropriated by the finder, pronounces underground treasure to be Crown property, he regards the discovery as a special interposition of Providence, and from that moment adopts as his creed the motto, "God's Providence is mine inheritance," refusing to believe what most people call chance to be any other agency than that of God, exercised in the minute affairs of daily life. There is so much merit in this book that we regret the egregious demerits which are crowded into the third volume, where we have ruffians of all kinds, subterranean passages, smugglers, and a young girl decoyed from her home, in furtherance of a base design—elements of melodrama which would disfigure even a Minerva Press novel. Had Mrs. Banks worked out the dénouement of her plot with the same skilful hand with which she prepared the beginning, we could have congratulated her on a satisfactory success. When she interests the reader, it is by legitimate means, either by her serious or reflective tone (which she carries far enough to give weight to her writing, but not to the extent of being oppressive or wearisome), or by the delicate, though forcible, pencilling of her characters. The minor personages in a novel are often as good indices of the talent of a writer as the successful delineation of the hero or heroine. A languishing, spoiled beauty, a heartless female *roué*, the deep-dyed villain, or the good-natured profligate, can all be sketched off according to the numerous patterns to be met with in life or literature. The mere fact of our acquaintance with them tells in their favour, since it affords examples of well-known types. They will, in the face of many faults, be favourably regarded, because "they are so lifelike." But Mrs. Banks has given vitality and original interest to all her figures, from "Betty, the new servant," to Alice Ford, the heroine. She has also proved that she can travel over perpetually-trodden ground, and yet discover a new path. Ghosts are by no means a recent introduction into fiction, but the new part which these hackneyed beings are made to play in "God's Providence-House" fairly claims for Mrs. Banks the praise that, though she has chosen well-explored ground, she has discovered tracts of pleasant territory hitherto unnoted in the chart. There is no vulgar attempt to excite fear, or thrill the nerves of the impressionable reader, by fostering a transient credence in the supernatural. Here is a ghost to be explained, not to be believed. In this new rôle, the spectre excites more genuine interest than when thorough delusion is aimed at. The same intelligent handling of the plot is, however, wanting in other parts of the book. Heywood, one of the most cleverly-sketched rogues in average fiction, and who is the suitor of Alice Ford, is frowned on by her, but encouraged by her father. It may be quite orthodox that he should not be allowed to marry her, but then he should have been unmasked by more simple means than introducing a bevy of smugglers, owning him for captain, and having for headquarters a cavern underneath Mr. Ford's house—machinery devised for the purpose of kidnapping George Latham, the favoured suitor of Alice. George Latham is discovered in the cavern when the trick of the ghost is brought to light, the ghost being no other than Mr. Heywood, who personates the "Grey Lady" to serve his own schemes. George Latham discloses all the villany of Heywood, who is saved from a felon's end by dying in a fit of apoplexy. All these concomitants are out of place in a novel written with a nineteenth-century feeling; for, although the authoress tells us that she is writing of the manners of the seventeenth, the local colouring is not sufficiently powerful to carry us back to those times, or to reconcile us to the startling melodrama at the close, even granting that smugglers' caves were more common appendages to gentlemen's houses, brigandage and abduction more usual, and apoplexy more easily commanded as a climax, in that century than in this.

In the preface, the author of "Strathmore" writes that, if that romance should allure any reader, it is to be hoped "that such allurements will rest not on the sketch of its outline, but in the manner in which that outline is filled in and coloured." "Ouida" has so far attained this aim that we are not troubled with what is here contemned—a book which depends, like a conundrum, on the concealment of its catchword and secret for the maintenance of its interest. The incidents all lead to the gradual development of the issue, rather than prepare a grand catastrophe for the closing scenes. The attention of the reader is not fastened by arousing a feverish curiosity to fathom some mystery, but by the complete and picturesque sketch of every figure brought on the scene; whether it be the vicious coquette, whose "power was in the glance of her eyes and all the purpureal light of youth," and who, like Lady Harriet, in Steele's comedy, "Grief à la Mode," "hated a heart she could not break"—or would have hated it could she have believed in such a one; or the "grand, guilty Strathmore," the hero, "who was a bad man sometimes, a dangerous man always, but a false man never;" or Lucille, the child of Bertie Errol, afterwards the wife of Strathmore,—a charmingly ideal figure. The use that the author makes of these characters stamps the work with a higher badge of merit than the manner of their portrayal. To paint vice in its wantonness,

or wickedness in its grimness, may perhaps be considered a questionable talent; but to avoid sermonizing, prating in platitudes, or abounding in common-place punishments by poetic justice, is the work of an artist. This, "Ouida" has achieved in "Strathmore." Lord Cecil Strathmore, who boasts of his disdain for women, who mocks at faith in anything but his own will, is conquered by the unscrupulous and beautiful Lady Vavasour de Vaux, and by her instrumentality is duped into killing Errol, "the only friend he ever loved." From a letter given to him after Errol's death, he learns how he has wronged his friend by his suspicions, and how he has been imposed on by his own mistress. Denouncing her as "traitress and murderess," he swears he will have life for life. He so far keeps his word that, when he saves from drowning some poor creatures who have been wrecked, on discovering her among them, he lets go his hold, telling her to die as she condemned him to die; but "the waves are more merciful" than Strathmore, and she is washed on shore and rescued by some poor people. In their cabin, Strathmore sees her tended by Lucille, the child who was confided to his guardianship, in the same letter that told him of Marion Vavasour's duplicity and his friend's innocence. How Strathmore fulfilled this trust, and strove, by devotion to his ward, to atone for his sin to the dead, is told in a style which often rises to pathos, and borders on poetry. "Strathmore" is a good example of the romantic school. It possesses fire, eloquence, and high sentiment. The language is high-flown; but the whole of the novel is pitched in a key which accords with the somewhat poetic diction. Few among modern fictions can claim equal standing in the truly romantic class; and very few of that order will excite more permanent interest in the mind of the cultivated reader.

DREAMS.*

WHAT a marvel and mystery is a dream! We close our eyes to the light and the world around us, and in the depth and darkness of slumber we see sights that are no sights, and hear sounds that are no sounds, without consciousness, without volition, and without any external object immediately acting on our senses. The mind of the dreamer can bound over the barriers of space and time; can call up the past, however distant, from its grave, the future, however remote, from its cradle; and can summon scenes which have had no past, and can never have any future, from the fertile fields of imagination. The dreamer's eye can scan man's life and man's labours in all their stages and varieties, can glance through the darkness of the grave, and traverse the regions of eternity. The dreamer sees the roses radiant in the sunshine of Eden as vividly as he saw the prize flowers of the last show. To him, the cities, the empires, and the races that have passed away from the earth, and have become phantoms of the past, rise as the realities of the present; to him realms he has never trod, races he has never seen, come and repose at his feet, and hold communion with his soul; to him heaven reveals its forms of transcendent brightness and its scenes of untold rapture; to him hell sends up its demons of despair and its shades of woe unutterable; to him the earth sends forth the best and the worst, the noblest and the meanest, of the children of men, with "tears and tortures, and the touch of joy."

The two volumes before us are well got up, and printed in a neat, clear type, while their matter does considerable credit to their author. When all abatements are made (and many must be made), we can honestly recommend them as an able compilation, with little or no claim to originality, extremely amusing and instructive, and forming a pleasant text-book of the facts and philosophy of dreams. After pointing out what we conceive to be the weaknesses and the blemishes of our author's book, we will subjoin some specimens to mark its character.

We regret that the professed chronological arrangement has not been rigidly carried out in these volumes. In the earlier portion we should have had the ancient traditions of dreams and dream speculation, reserving "modern instances" for the subsequent chapters. In Vol. I, Chap. III., we have Hesiod, Cicero, Bishop Ken, and Andrew Baxter, treading on each other's heels in the very teeth of the profession, in the preface, to maintain a chronological arrangement. This fault pervades almost every chapter in the book. The style of composition is too often spoiled by exaggeration, and darkened by obscurity. The attempts to be striking and original often create amusement and often produce a shock, but are invariably distinguished by their indistinctness. We dare not admire the following flowers of rhetoric (page 5, Vol. I.): "the fruition of a sublime incontinence;" (page 8, Vol. I.): "Both Jew and Gentile agreed on this, that it was convenient to have a hack Providence, which would work to order in imperial trappings, and not refuse to swink in any the most vulgar of hayband harness." Again (page 64, Vol. I.): "Gossamer cirri floated across the upper firmament of the sleeper's mind, and evaporated amorously into the azure of the waking day." We should be glad for the author's sake if there were no more such specimens in his book of this extraordinary style of writing his mother tongue.

In Vol. I. page 34, our author is guilty of a sad confusion in blending the *ὄναρ* and *ὄνειρος* of Homer as one and the same notion. The distinction recognised by the old poet is an important one. With him, *ὄναρ* is the immediate impression produced on the sleeper's

mind by the dream-god himself, who is called *ὄνειρος*. The former is a thing, the latter a person, with the attributes *οὐλός* (palpable) and *θεῖος* (divine). (See "Iliad," ii., v. 11, 22.)

His metaphysical reasoning is as weak as his Greek criticism. Where his logic is clear in expression, it wants cogency in principle, and where it is really cogent it is far from clear and easy to understand. There are too many passages perfectly chaotic from this blundering mixture of the indistinct and the illogical. Here is a specimen of the last class:—

"And for the rest, whilst in the sphere of extension he (i.e. man) is forced to introduce negations into his vocabulary, and to confess the Indefinite, the Boundless, the Infinite—in the sphere of morals and ontology he can still find affirmative vocables, and call the Infinite by the determinate names of the Self-Existent, the Creator, the Disposer, and the Good."

We are at a loss to understand by what logical or metaphysical process he comes by this *cross* division of "a sphere of extension" on the one side, and a "sphere of morals and ontology" on the other, if by the latter term he means what is usually meant by ontology—the science of pure existence. Granting, however, for a moment, the division to be a logical one, and resting on sufficient grounds, we deny *in toto* that the introduction of negations is limited to the "sphere of extension," and we affirm that in this sphere "affirmative vocables" can be fairly introduced; while, in "the sphere of morals and ontology," we can surely call the Infinite by the "negative vocables," the Sinless, the Incomprehensible, and the Immutable.

The treatment of Scripture dreams is not particularly clear, and is by no means satisfactory. We look upon the Bible dream and "the interpretation thereof" as miraculous; and, as such, any attempt to argue from what was miraculous in a miraculous age to a period when the age of miracles is long gone by, is in every sense preposterous. We cannot, and we dare not, lift the dreams of these latter-day dreamers to the divine category of Scripture dreams, without clear evidence touching their divine mission and their divine interpretation. We want some evidence to show their difference from the ordinary nature of dreams, and that they are temporary suspensions of the ordinary laws of nature, made by a Divine Power for a high and holy purpose in the divine economy, and not to satisfy the craving curiosity of morbid humanity.

Great men in ancient as in modern times have been most devout believers in dreams. Plato, Herodotus, Aristotle (the Stagyrte, to a certain extent only, and in qualified terms), the Greek dramatists, the Christian Fathers, the vast majority of illustrious Romans, and, in modern times, Bishop Ken, Dr. Johnson, Young, Baxter, Sir Thomas Browne, with many others of note, have regarded the dream as a species of Divine revelation. We have purposely omitted to mention the Middle Ages, as they stand alone as an epoch in which the faith in dreams was universal throughout Christendom—a faith not only cherished, but avowed and acted upon, by the greatest and holiest of the saintly confessors, and adopted, with scarcely a qualification, by the Fathers of the English Reformation.

We select the following as a favourable specimen of the author's treatment of his subject, and on account of the value of his sensible observations, in which we fully and cordially concur:—

"Dreams are accustomed to take shape and character, as we have said, from a limitless variety of circumstances; yet, freakish as they appear, they are not altogether the children of accident and inconsequence. Even when the connection cannot readily be traced, or cannot be traced at all, there is reason to infer from our experience of other members of their family that a connection *does* exist between the dream and the then or former state of the body, or condition of the mind, or both, such as, if it were ascertained, would give intelligibility to the form and complexion of the dream. In short, the two principal sources, or—seeing that final causes have an ugly habit of hiding themselves away out of sight—as we should rather say, the influences that modify our dreams are (1) our present bodily sensations, and especially the internal state of the physical system; and (2) our previous waking thoughts, dispositions, and prevalent states of mind."

We heartily commend the whole of this chapter to our readers, as well worthy a most attentive perusal. Many years ago, we remember reading a rationale of dreams, original, suggestive, and, as we then thought and still think, embracing much that is true, and by no means at variance with the general laws of God's providential working. According to that theory, dreaming is the holiday-time of the mind: in sleep, the mind is set free from ordinary restraint and labour; it is released from following the order, direction, or objects of ordinary routine. It is left now for a time to its own control and its own amusement; the reins of volition no longer check it, and the power of consciousness is no longer present to control its vagaries. The ever-active mind, which from its very nature cannot know absolute rest, finds its repose and diversion in a *change* of action, not in a *cessation* from activity—not

"Taking a weight from off our waking thoughts."

Mr. Seafeld's volumes are full of amusement and interesting anecdote, forming a good text-book for those who are interested in dream speculation. We subjoin a few of its anecdotes, as fair specimens of the collection the author has made:—

"When Archbishop Abbott's mother (a poor clothworker's wife in Gifford) was with child of him, she did long for a jack, and she dreamt that if she should eat a jack, the son who was about to be born would

* The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams. By Frank Seafeld, M.A. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

be a great man. She arose early the next morning, and went with her pail to the river-side (which runneth by the house, now [1696] an alehouse, the sign of the 'Three Mariners') to take up some water, and in the water in the pail she found a good jack, which she dressed, and ate it all, or very near. Several of the best inhabitants of Gifford were invited (or invited themselves) to the christening of the child. It was bred up a scholar in the town, and by degrees came to be Archbishop of Canterbury."

"My Lady Seymour dreamed that she saw a nest with nine finches in it. And so many children she had by the Earl of Winchelsea, whose name is Finch."

"William Penn, proprietor of Pennsylvania, told me that he went with his mother on a visit to Admiral Dean's wife, who lived then in Petty-France. The Admiral was then at sea. She told them that the night before she had a perfect dream of her husband, whom she saw walking on the deck, and giving directions, and that a cannon bullet struck his arm into his side. This dream did much discompose her, and within forty-eight hours she received news of the fight at sea, and that her husband was killed in the very manner aforesaid."

"A gentleman dreamed that the devil carried him down to the bottom of a coal-pit, where he threatened to burn him unless he would agree to give himself up to his service. This he refused to do, and a warm altercation followed. He was at last allowed to depart, upon condition of sending down an individual whom the devil named—a worthless character well known in the neighbourhood. A few days after, this person was found drowned, and under circumstances which gave every reason to believe that his death had been voluntary."

"A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it, and, after many excuses, she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamed that the watchmaker's boy, by whom the watch was sent, had dropped it in the street, and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and, without any allusion to her dream, put the question to him directly, when he confessed that it was true."

GUIDE TO SPAIN.*

To write a good guide-book, and to understand the inhabitants of a country, are two very different things. Mr. O'Shea has accomplished the former, but not the latter. He has lived long among the Spaniards, and likes them, which, in one sense, is creditable to them and him, but, in another sense, it may possibly be looked upon in a contrary light. Spain is what he says—a splendid country, with about fourteen millions of inhabitants, who, to the people of these days, represent the forty millions which it contained in the time of the Moors. This is a fact which, to the admirers of the Spaniards, is, in vulgar parlance, a nut hard to crack. They put forward several theories to account for it, but never hint at the one which would at once explain the whole mystery. Superstition, bad government, the want of roads, canals, commerce—in fact, of nearly all the machinery of civilization; these are the things which we are gravely assured prevent the good people of Spain from doing what they ought to do, and being what they ought to be. But why are they superstitious? What is the reason they have always been subject to bad government? Wherefore are they in want of roads and canals? What is the cause that their commerce languishes, that their industry is the most backward in Europe, that their soil lies uncultivated, that increase of population is unknown among them? Mr. O'Shea—but certainly without knowing it—supplies a key to the mystery: he tells us that they lead a careless, easy, dozy, unintellectual life; and we add that they do so because they are an unintellectual people. In other words, they are suffering from a disease for which there is no cure in heaven, on the earth, or in the waters under the earth. To supply intellect to a people who have it not, is a task which all the science of Europe and America would find somewhat too tough. Spain produces good wines and pretty women; and the natives, abstemious in the use of the former, are somewhat too lavish in their attentions to the latter, who have been celebrated from time immemorial for their indifference to the seventh commandment. The *Guditanæ puellæ*, who frisked before their Roman conquerors, were the very type of the loosely-gartered dames who draw forth the censure of Mr. O'Shea, and whose unlicensed style of dancing has excited the animadversions of all observers of manners and morals in modern times. The history of the world supplies but few examples of finely-organized brains engrafted on voluptuous temperaments. The Spaniards are kindly, warm-hearted, loyal, generous, and patriotic to a proverb, but cannot be said to excel in those qualities which enable nations to construct free governments, enlightened religions, good, serviceable, rational, unconquerable systems of industry. Wherever there is a glut of saints, and of devotions to those saints, there is sure to be found a badly-cultivated soil and worse-cultivated understandings. These remarks we have made to account for the wretched condition in which one of the noblest countries in Europe now lies. With regard to its salubrity we cannot agree with the author, because his tables of mortality are at variance with his theory. London is perhaps the healthiest of great cities in the world, though it is not clean or well drained. The deaths among us are one in forty; in Paris, one in thirty-two; in Vienna, almost one in twenty-two; in Madrid, generally one in twenty-six; in Malaga, one in twenty-five; in Valencia, the healthiest place mentioned in Spain, one in thirty-one. Now, to go from London to any of these places, it is obvious

that you must be going from a healthy to a less healthy place; but, when certain maladies are in question, this is not exactly the point for consideration, but whether atmospheres, unhealthy upon the whole, may not be found suitable to persons in an unhealthy state of body. Thus, Leghorn, debilitating to strong persons, on account of the moist, relaxing nature of the air, is found exceedingly beneficial in cases of consumption, much more so than Pisa, which, being situated in a gap of the mountains, is frequently exposed to the visitation of cold winds, descending from the Apennines along the Val d'Arno. In Spain there are, properly speaking, three distinct regions—the north, the central, and the south. The whole of the northern region, with the exception, perhaps, of some rare localities, is totally unsuited to consumptive patients; the centre, hot almost as the Sahara in summer, and in winter cold as the steppes of Tartary, would prove a Golgotha to persons of delicate lungs; it is, therefore, only in Andalusia, Granada, and the other parts bordering on the Mediterranean, that sickly persons can hope to meet with relief from the state of the atmosphere, and this they will never experience till the Spaniards learn to be more cleanly, to drain and purify their towns, to supply them with good water, and to build their dwellings after the manner of their Moorish ancestors—warm in winter, and airy and cool in summer.

Apart from considerations of health, and questions connected with social science, Mr. O'Shea's is a lively and instructive work. It would have been well had he stated what portion of his information is original, and what derived from other sources, because we might then have been able to be more just to him as a writer. At present we must regard him as a compiler, who has certainly got together a large amount of materials, but has not been at the pains to investigate whether they are correct or not. For example, in his account of Simancas, he says "that every facility is most obligingly granted by the Archivero, or mayor;" and he afterwards adds that, to see the papers subsequent to 1700, a permission is needed, which obviously means that it is not needed when the object is to consult papers of an older date. Had Mr. O'Shea made the experiment in person, he would have found that his very obliging Archivero would have flatly refused him permission even to touch or see documents as old as the sixteenth century, without the most stringent orders from the Minister at Madrid. But writers of guide-books always find the authorities civil and obliging, because they never ask them for any papers which are of the slightest political importance, and, indeed, have no occasion to see anything beyond the outside. It would unquestionably be a great convenience to remove the archives from Simancas to the Escorial, which, being near Madrid, would afford greater facilities to students of history. The Spanish Ministers might with advantage take a leaf out of the book of the authorities of Venice, where the student finds everything that care, intelligence, and liberality can supply. As a book of amusement, the "Guide to Spain" may be taken up with pleasure, for it abounds with graphic descriptions and suggestive passages, and is full everywhere of agreeable associations. We may likewise add that it affords all possible information to the languid or valetudinarian traveller, who need not exercise his faculties from the moment he leaves his own fireside till he is set down at the Puerta del Sol, in Madrid, or on the Marina at Cadiz. Prices, stations, inns, vehicles, are all diligently pointed out; and if, after this, the patient loses his money or his way, the fault is his own, not Mr. O'Shea's.

THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY.*

DR. ARNOLD said of Rugby—the school over which he presided with so many admirable results—that it was wanting in "memories." The Rev. Mr. Sidebotham finds the same absence of associations at the King's School, Canterbury, and he has endeavoured in the little volume which he now publishes to collect and preserve all the authentic details of the school which are still extant. The paucity of traditions in that foundation is, we are assured, so great that, long before the resignation of the Head Mastership by the Rev. G. Wallace, all recollection of his predecessor, Dr. Birt, had disappeared; and so with others. Previous to the rule of Dr. Beauvoir, no register, as far as can now be ascertained, was kept in the school. In 1750, however, the register was commenced by the Head Master just mentioned, and is still in use, so that all dates subsequent to that year are authentic. The Rev. William Gostling, who was educated at this school in the early years of last century, expressed a wish that an attempt should be made to bring together the existing records of the institution; but Mr. Sidebotham alleges that his own work is the first of the kind in connection with the King's School at Canterbury which has yet appeared. It consists of brief notices of persons educated there who have obtained University honours, as well as of the head masters; lists of the masters, preachers, and exhibitors, &c. The book will, of course, have a greater interest for those who have been educated at the Canterbury foundation than for the outside public; but it contains some curious and suggestive matter for all men of cultivated intelligence. Dr. Randolph, who preached the annual King's School sermon in 1733, remarked:—"I believe this one school has brought forth more men of learning than all the private tutors that ever were

* A Guide to Spain. By H. O'Shea. London: Longmans & Co.

* Memorials of the King's School, Canterbury. By the Rev. J. S. Sidebotham, M.A., Chaplain of New College; City Lecturer at St. Martin Carfax, Oxford; and Lecturer at St. Helen's, Abingdon. London: Bell & Daldy. Canterbury: A. Ginder.

in the kingdom; nor will those who are versed in the annals of this ancient foundation think this too bold an assertion." Glancing over the list of eminent scholars supplied by Mr. Sidebotham, we notice some illustrious names: as, for instance, Marlowe, the dramatic poet; Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, the father of the celebrated philosopher, and himself an eminent statesman; William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; Somner, the antiquary; Lord Chancellor Thurlow; and Baron Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of England in the days of George IV.

The antiquity of King's School, Canterbury, appears to be very great. Somner says that in the time of Theodore, the seventh Archbishop after Augustine, Canterbury was a famous University, "if public schools wherein all good arts and sciences, philosophy especially, are learnedly taught and professed, make an University." From Mr. Sidebotham we learn that "the title of 'the King's School' was first given to the school by Henry VIII., in 1542, who remodelled the establishment of the cathedral, and by whose statutes, as corrected, explained, and confirmed by Charles, both the cathedral and the school are regulated. The original foundation for two masters and fifty scholars still remains." It is certainly to be regretted that the memorials of so ancient and interesting a seminary of learning, graced as it is by so many eminent scholars, should have been left unnoticed to the present time; but we congratulate Mr. Sidebotham on the contribution he has made to our knowledge. The recent agitation of the various questions connected with the public schools of England has produced some works of value; and the present modest little volume must be added to the list.

A DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE.*

HERE is a volume of 1,537 large octavo pages, printed in very small type and in double columns; yet it is only an abridgement of a still greater work, which has already attained a distinguished name and position among the members of the medical profession, but which, we conceive, must have been found somewhat inconvenient as a book of ready reference, owing to its vast size. It is certainly amazing to look even at the abridgement now before us, and to reflect that it is mainly the production of one man. We have in fact in Dr. Copland's Dictionary a complete Cyclopædia of medical science, the result of great knowledge and industry, and combining the experiences of the author with those of all the highest medical authorities, English and foreign. Many of the articles are so long, elaborate, and exhaustive, that, if printed separately, and in the ordinary form and size of type, they might stand as substantive treatises. Dr. Copland has now had the advantage of a long life of thought, investigation, and practice, and he gives us the result of his accumulated stores in this admirable repertory of facts. In glancing over its pages, we do not know whether to wonder most at the lamentable variety of complaints to which human nature is subject, or at the patience, penetration, labour, and skill exhibited in the mastery of so many diverse details, some of them connected with the most serious conditions of the vital organs. Particular diseases are generally made the special study of particular physicians; but Dr. Copland seems to have given his attention equally to all, and exhibits throughout his Dictionary an extraordinary familiarity with each, and with the literature appertaining to its nature and cure. Such a work must possess the highest value for the young medical practitioner, who is liable at any moment to be called on to attend any one of the numerous ailments which afflict our frames—sometimes with but little personal knowledge of the symptoms of the case, or of the remedies most relied on by the faculty. In the volume before us he finds the concentrated experience of all the most eminent physicians set forth with great clearness, and distributed under appropriate headings, referring to special pathology, the principles of therapeutics, the nature and treatment of diseases, morbid structures, and the disorders especially incidental to climate, to races, to sex, and to the epochs of life; and at the end of the work a collection of formulæ is appended, in which prescriptions for most maladies are included.

The original edition of Dr. Copland's work (which was published in 1858) was in four volumes. The present abridgement, however, is not so great as might seem to be implied by the reduction of four volumes to one. A certain number of articles, appertaining to the subsidiary sciences and to general pathology, have, indeed, been omitted; the bibliography and references have been struck out, and the prescriptions are reduced in number, and chiefly confined to the appendix; but the general articles have not been largely curtailed, the author rightly thinking that to have erased to any great extent would have impaired the usefulness of the book. Thus recast and re-arranged, with all the latest additions to the scientific knowledge of disease, Dr. Copland's "Dictionary of Practical Medicine" is once more submitted to the world, in a form calculated to increase its usefulness, and enhance its high and general reputation.

SHORT NOTICES.

Uncle Clive. A Tale. By C. A. M. W., Author of "Fate of Sacrilege," &c. (Newby.)—Tales of village life, and of the shallow

* A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By James Copland, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Abridged by the Author, assisted by James C. Copland, M.R.C.S., and M.S.A., and throughout brought down to the Present State of Medical Science. London: Longmans & Co.

but noisy course of rural love-making, intriguing, spite, and scandal, require peculiarly skilful treatment to make them readable. A keen observer of character, gifted with delicate powers of humour and pathos, may draw very pleasant materials from these little coteries; but a dull, a pretentious, a heavy, or a flippant hand will only succeed in reproducing the stupidity without any of the drollery or the underlying human interest. Some agreeable stories of country manners have been written in our time, and, when the thing is well done, it is as refreshing as a walk in a green lane, with the wind coming to you from over bean-fields. We cannot, however, include "Uncle Clive" among the list of good rural novels. It is feeble, flabby, and uninteresting. One of the principal characters—a silly, good-natured woman, who lisp—talks after this fashion:—"O, but Mith Agrippina looked monthrout well. The wath all in dun; and, as to Miss Loith, O, no wordth can do juthth to her magnifithenth. O, the wore a ruby robe, an amber thath, and a thaugled gold turban, O, yeth, a beautiful turban, and a thet of emeraldth and thappirth, quite dathling to behold. O dear, yeth, and an opal ring, thuth a thithe. O, the looked like a queen." When we add that this lady is supposed to be constantly laughing at nothing, and that, besides the lisp, her conversation is thickly sprinkled with such ejaculations as "ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! he, he, he!" it will be readily understood that she tries the reader's patience sorely. However, she is not as bad as Miss Bernice Parvis—a lady of confirmed ill-health, and of a most offensive meekness of spirit, who, when the talking mood is on her, afflicts all comers with page after page of dilute piety and sanctimonious sermonising, and even draws her medical attendant (otherwise an unobjectionable person) into the like extravagance. This worthy, but aggravating, lady comes of a Jewish mother, and it is her solace to think that through her she is descended from "the honourable house of Lazarus"—the Lazarus of the New Testament, whose name and story are here introduced with a freedom which, to many readers, will seem anything but reverential. Together with this would-be solemnity, we have divers comic characters, whose actions and modes of speech are such as we most commonly find in Adelphi farces; but, at any rate, they are much more amusing than the serious individuals. The story is not worth summarising. It may find delighted readers in little country towns, but we cannot hope for it a more considerable public.

Signe's History. A Norwegian Tale. By Magdalene Thoresen. Translated by the Rev. M. R. Barnard, B.A., Author of "Sport in Norway, and where to Find it." (Chapman & Hall.)—We know so little of Norway, its scenery, and its people, the national habits prevailing there, and the modes of thought common among its rough and simple peasantry,—though the Norwegian race is akin to our own, and its early history is linked to ours by the common bond which unites all of Scandinavian blood,—that a tale written by a native, and reflecting the daily life of field and mountain, is sure to possess some attraction for English readers. "Signe's History" is a story of love and sorrow, amusing in itself, and having a certain value as a picture of national manners in a remote and obscure part of Europe. The style is rather heavy and formal; and, though the tale is only in one volume, it would have gained by the omission of verbiage. The incidents and characters, however, are interesting, and those who are not deterred by its northern gravity and gloom will read the narrative to the end.

Table Emblems. A New Poem. Subject: *We are Builders.* By "Ebdomos." (C. P. Alvey.)—The substance of "Ebdomos's" poem is as strange as the title. It begins thus:—

"We are Builders very busy;
So are you.
Doubly man's a builder. Is he?
Yes, it's true.
We build without, and build within,
And a partition very thin
Divides the two worlds, where we are
By soul and body, neither's far."

This sounds rather odd, but it is quite sane and intelligible to some things which follow. Here is a singular bit:—

"The word 'creation'
Is prophetic, prophetic too of good.
But 'to create evil' is understood
Regeneration!
Thus, the production of good is the theme,
Not, as the words to the fallen mind seem,
A plain confession that God is the cause
Of all the subversion of his own laws."

In the same oracular style does "Ebdomos" run through his forty-three pages; but sometimes he condescends to a pleasantry. Everything is symbolical in his eyes, and, referring to the types furnished by animals, he says:—

"One who is rough, uncouth, and does not care,
We shun betimes and designate 'a bear.'
The feline race some epithets supply,
Thus 'cat' is used for spiteful dames and sly.
But one fierce who lets but fury guide her,
Becomes well-known as a perfect 'tiger.'
The temper thus is faithfully depicted,
And habits, too, to which we are addicted.
The peacock vain. A cunning fox. A dog.
A miser rat. A greedy man a hog.
And though it's rather 'infra dig.,'
We sometimes call a man a pig."

Yes. And, though it is equally *infra dig.*, we sometimes call him an ass.

All about Margate and Herne Bay. (Kent & Co.)—This is one of a series of Shilling Sea-side Guide Books issued by Messrs. Kent & Co. The account of Margate, Herne Bay, Canterbury, and the surrounding

country, contained in the present brochure, is fairly done, lightly and amusingly written, and abounding in facts. Mr. McConnell supplies a coloured frontispiece representing "The Arrival of the Husbands' Boat" at Margate, of which we can only say that it is in Mr. McConnell's well-known style—that is to say, a coarse imitation of Leech; and forty smaller woodcuts, some of them representing famous localities, and others depicting humorous scenes, adorn the pages of the work, together with a map of the Isle of Thanet.

Footprints of the Horse. By "Eos," Author of "Gift Poems." (Hatchard & Co.)—"Eos" dedicates his little book to the Earl of Cardigan, whom he regards as a great hero and a very ill-used man. In the poem itself, he describes the "points" of a good horse, and how to educate, train, and manage him; a meet of the hounds; the race-course; Hyde Park and Rotten Row; the Light Cavalry charge at Balaklava; and various other matters, some of which have nothing at all to do with horses. He also quotes (by permission) Mr. Ainsworth's famous ballad of "Black Bess," and re-tells in verse the same gentleman's account of Dick Turpin's fabulous ride to York. The versification of "Eos's" several poems is sometimes rather halting, and such rhymes as "pursue" and "go," "clouds" and "affords," &c., are certainly peculiar. But the production is not devoid of spirit and animation, and it is the very thing to be a favourite with country gentlemen. The writer is apparently a cavalry officer who has seen service in India.

The Little Things of Nature, considered Especially in Relation to the Divine Benevolence. By Leo Hartley Grindon. (Pitman.)—Mr. Grindon has reprinted in a small volume certain papers originally contributed by him to a Magazine which, he says, though well-meaning, is little known. They have reference to various subjects of physical science, such as "The Vitality of Seeds," "The Sleep of Plants," "Insects," "Chemistry," &c., but are not written in a scientific or technical style, having been addressed to the popular understanding, with a view to encouraging intelligent thought on the wonders or creation. The author is a little too much given to fine writing; but his essays contain a great many marvellous facts, lucidly explained, and the moral tone throughout is unexceptionable.

A Glance at the Progress of Medical Science, and at Some Phases of Medical Faith. By Edward Ellis, M.D., &c. (Churchill & Sons.)—Dr. Ellis, in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, makes some eloquent remarks on the present state of medical science, on the difficulties it has to encounter, on the mystery of life and death and their subtle interchange, on the folly of giving, as quacks do, one remedy for all kinds of complaints, on homoeopathy, and on the progress made during the last fifteen or twenty years in our knowledge of disease, and of the means of preventing or curing it. The author is a bitter enemy of the homoeopaths, and places all his hopes in the patient study of individual cases, and the adaptation of the remedy to the specific need. He points out that whereas in the sixteenth century the average of human life was only eighteen years, it is at the present time forty-eight years and seven-tenths; and from this fact he passes on to the deduction that "the position the medical man now occupies towards his profession is one for great congratulation, not only because he has become better acquainted with it, but also because its resources have so developed that it places at his disposal numberless methods of alleviating suffering and restoring health, undreamed of formerly. In a word, medicine has enlisted all the circle of the sciences under her banner."

We have also received a report of the *Anniversary Address* delivered before the Anthropological Society of London, January 3rd, 1865, by James Hunt, Ph.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L., F.A.S.L., &c. (Trübner & Co.);—*The Throne of Grace*, a collection of sermons by the Author of "The Pathway of Promise," &c. (Strahan);—a shilling edition of *Winifred's Wooing*, by Georgiana M. Craik (Smith, Elder, & Co.);—an illustrated edition, in one volume, of *Romola* (Same Publishers);—and a new edition, also in one volume, of *George Geith, of Fen Court* (Tinsley Brothers).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE number of *Notes and Queries* for last Saturday contains a letter from Mr. Edmund Ollier touching the threatened destruction of the Talbot Inn—the Tabard of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The writer reproduces a paragraph from the *South London Chronicle*, in which a quotation is made from "a Parliamentary Return of 1634," to the effect that, six years previous to that date, "a new building of brick" was erected on the old foundation; whence the local paper infers that the inn now existing cannot be in any respect the one alluded to by Chaucer, adding that, if any portion of the original structure remained after the rebuilding, the whole was probably burned in the great Southwark fire in 1676. To this Mr. Ollier replies that "the building that was erected in 1628 was obviously the house over the gateway facing the High-street, and stretching some way down the yard to the right and left. It could not have been the building at the back of the yard—that which contains what is called 'The Pilgrims' Room'—because the latter is not built of brick, but of timber. This is the part of the house which is generally supposed to be in some measure the same as the famous inn to which Chaucer referred." That this timber building, with its external galleries and staircase, was erected as we see it subsequently to 1676, the writer considers extremely improbable, as "that style of domestic architecture had utterly passed away by the time of Charles II." It would certainly appear that the writer in the *South London Chronicle* has confounded the house facing the High-street (which is unquestionably not older than the latter part of the seventeenth century) with the more ancient building at the bottom of the yard. A good many contradictory statements with respect to the precise age of the latter have been made in different quarters; but possibly something more definite and conclusive may be struck out by the numerous antiquarian readers of and contributors to *Notes and Queries*. Appended to the letter we have been summarising is a note signed "A. H.," the writer of which, after quoting

the paragraph on the subject which appeared in our "Gossip" of August 26, adds that, "as the lease of the old Tabard was sold by auction on the 9th of June last at Garraway's Coffee House, 'Change-alley, Cornhill, by Messrs. Rushworth, Jarvis, & Abbott, of Saville-row, Regent-street, and 'Change-alley, Cornhill, it is to be feared that we shall lose this old relic; but I think, before it is taken down, the Corporation should have a model taken, and have it preserved in the Guildhall Library. It may also be worth noting that the building materials of the old Spread Eagle Inn, in Gracechurch-street, were sold by auction on the 29th ult., and the workmen have commenced pulling it down; but it is to be hoped that a photograph has been taken, or some drawing preserved, of this inn, which was, I believe, one of the oldest in London." The Spread Eagle is mentioned by Taylor, the Water Poet, in 1637. Would it not be possible, in the case of the Tabard, to remove the older portion, and set it up afresh somewhere else, as the Americans proposed to do with respect to Shakespeare's House?

Another famous place of public resort is about to be destroyed. The blinds of the Old Hummums Hotel in Covent-garden Market are drawn down, and cabs are busy at the door taking away the luggage and lumber of absent guests. The landlord has advertised his thanks to old customers, and informs them that, as the Duke of Bedford requires the ground to extend his root and flower market, his house must come down, and he will not resume business again. As most of our readers know, "Hummums" is merely a corruption of, and took its rise from, "Hamman," the Arabic word for "bagnio," or bath, which in the last century was conducted here by a Mr. Small. There were sweating-rooms, hot-baths, and cold-baths, and the prices ranged from 2s. to 5s., including the fees to rubbers-down. The Turkish baths, recently so popular with us, are nothing but the old London bagnios revived and improved. The Hummums, however, will be remembered more from its having been the favourite haunt of literary men than from its association with the old sweating-baths. It was in this house that Parson Ford, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," died. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" we read:—"Boswell. Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared? Johnson. Sir, it was believed a waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again he met him a second time. When he came up he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there; they told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered he said he had a message to deliver to some woman, from Ford, but he was not to tell what or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered it, and the woman exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone.' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of the story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the woman, and her behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word,—and there it remains."

The country that three centuries ago supplied the world with maps and atlases is, in the nineteenth century, without a respectable chart of its own territory. The Bookseller assures us that, at the present moment, there is not in existence a good Dutch map of Holland, or, more correctly speaking, of the Netherlands; the best being several years old, and the modern ones being generally small and inaccurate. We are, therefore, glad to hear that the results of the great "Government Survey of the Netherlands," recently completed, are about to be made available to geographers and the public. The work is to be published at Leeuwarden, under the title of "Atlas van Nederland ende Overzeesche bezittingen door J. Krüjper." The prospectus states that, in the getting-up of the work, "the model of Mr. Keith Johnston's Royal Atlas will be followed, which will entail on this undertaking a heavy financial outlay, but that this will be more than compensated for by the almost incredible advantages of clearness and completeness which will be thus attained."

A Paris correspondent, speaking of the lawsuit between the representatives of the jewellers Boehmer and Bossange, and the De Montmorency heiress of the Cardinal de Rohan, as to the arrears due for the necklace which Marie Antoinette was supposed to have ordered—a dispute which has been in and out of the law courts these seventy years—says that in the French morning papers the reports of the trial have this heading:—"La Route de Varennes—M. Alexandre Dumas v. the Heir of the Préfontaine Family." Dumas' connection with the business is occasioned by his account of the part taken by M. de Préfontaine during the attempted flight of the royal family. The question is, did the Queen descend from the carriage, enter M. de Préfontaine's house, and there inquire the cause of the delay in the relays of post-horses; or is Alexandre Dumas' statement correct, that, on the Queen's alighting, M. de Préfontaine closed the doors of his house, which called forth from Louis XVI. a reproach in which he reminded him of his double oath of fidelity to him, taken as officer and as Knight of St. Louis? The Court ruled that Dumas and Michel Levy publish, within one month, an edition of "La Route de Varennes," with an extract from the pamphlet of M. de Valory, which asserts M. de Préfontaine to have been a respectable person, whose house was a place of safety for the Royal family, although he had not been a party to their flight, and that, had it been in his power, he would undoubtedly have pointed out the ford, and lent the horses required to cross the river Varennes; that, furthermore, the Queen alighted at his house, to which she was conducted by M. de Malden, and that she rested there a few moments. Dumas and Levy will have to pay the costs, and are forbidden to sell any copies of "La Route de Varennes."

without this explanatory note. This is by no means the first time Alexandre Dumas has been summoned to the bar by the descendants of families who consider themselves aggrieved by the part he has made their ancestors play in his novels. The Marquis d'Épinay Saint-Luc instituted a lawsuit against him in consequence of his having stated in his romance, "La Dame de Mousereau," that his ancestor, François d'Épinay Saint-Luc, Grand Maître de l'Artillerie under Henry IV., and a distinguished general, had been one of the *mignons* of Henry III. The court ruled, however, that as 250 years had elapsed since the said François d'Épinay Saint-Luc's demise, it could not undertake to protect his memory from M. Dumas' fertile pen.

The too-popular street song "Slap Bang!" is of transatlantic origin. In New York, the urchins sing:—

"Rip, snap! set 'em up again
Right in the middle of a three cent. pie!"

This taste of the entire composition will probably be quite sufficient for the reader. We have only alluded to the "favourite" song.

"Peaks and Valleys of the Alps," by Elijah Walton, is the title of an important work announced for early publication by means of chromo-lithography. The editor says, "It is proposed to produce a series of positive fac-similes of twenty-one of those exquisite water-colour drawings of Alpine scenery for which Mr. Walton has become so famous. Through the kind courtesy of members of the Alpine Club, and other owners of those drawings whose names are given in a list, it has been possible to select a series of wide interest and great excellence; the work will therefore possess topographical value, as well as artistic beauty of the highest order." From the list of drawings it appears that Sir Fowell Buxton, F. F. Tuckett, R. R. Dees, Robert Spence Watson, J. Arthur Kenrick, George Mathews, and E. N. Buxton, Esqrs.,—all members of the Alpine Club,—with Miss Mathews and Miss Phipson, of Birmingham, will contribute the choicest pictures in their collections, to be fac-similed for this work.

It is reported from Brussels that M. Rogeard, author of the "Propos de Labienus," has been banished from Belgium, and that he has, in consequence, issued the following declaration:—"I have defended liberty of conscience in France; I have defended it in Belgium; I shall defend it everywhere, and to the end, to the extent of my power. I received this morning a Royal decree, deliberated upon by the Council of Ministers, by which I am arbitrarily expelled from Belgium. I declare that I shall remain in Belgium, in my dwelling. I declare that I shall protest against the arbitrary conduct by all the means which shall be at my command, and that I shall await the employment of public force, and that I shall not leave save at my own time, and that I shall only yield to violence. I consider that I have a duty to fulfil towards the Belgian people, and I shall fulfil it. I have a debt of gratitude to discharge towards Belgian public opinion. I desire to declare this publicly, and, if I cannot hope to pay it, I wish at least not to be considered ungrateful. I shall therefore do what I ought for the cause of liberty in all countries, and what I owe to hospitality in Belgium. I shall resist arbitrary proceedings, and shall protest in all form, and shall not leave until I am arrested." In consequence of this declaration, it is said, the order of expulsion was at once put in force. M. Rogeard was conducted by the police at five A.M. to the Northern Railway station, and sent on to Germany. Directly this was known, a meeting of his friends was held, at which some very excited speeches were made. The immediate cause of expulsion seems to have been the publication of a second satire by M. Rogeard, entitled "Pauvre France!" which the Belgian Ministry considered insulting, both to the Government of the country and to a neighbouring friendly nation.

Whilst the Belgian Government have been expelling M. Rogeard, the Paris official authorities have been hearing appeals against two judgments of the Tribunal of Correction of Police, by the first of which M. Tridon, advocate, was condemned to four months' imprisonment and 100 frs. fine, as the author of a seditious pamphlet entitled "Les Hébertistes"; and by the second, MM. Vaissier, Trufin, de Ponnaut, and Tridon, the *gérant*, printer, and editors of a journal called *Le Candide*, were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment and 100 frs. fine, for offences against morality and religion, and also for publishing a journal treating of social economy without obtaining the requisite authorization, or depositing caution-money. MM. Tridon and Vaissier alone appealed against these judgments; but when the case was called, their counsel requested that the hearing might be adjourned, as their clients were unable to attend. The court, however, refused to grant this request, and, after hearing the Public Minister, confirmed both judgments by default.

After the hearty testimony to the worth and interest of the Paston Letters given by Horace Walpole, Madame D'Arblay, and, in our own time, Hallam and Charles Knight, it seems almost a pity to disturb our faith in their genuineness. The article in the *Fortnightly Review* on their authenticity, however, has attracted such wide attention that the subject now will certainly be sifted to the bottom before Sir John Fenn's volumes are again put back upon our shelves as historical authorities. We quite incline to the opinion of the editor of the *Publishers' Circular* when he says it is perhaps a fact of some significance—although not noticed by Mr. Merivale—that Fenn published his book at a period when literary forgery was almost a fashion. It was the age of Chatterton, and Cleland, and Steevens—and the latter we know was the editor of the second edition of Vols. I. and II. It may be assumed that the Rowley poems, the four volumes of letters of Pope Ganganelli, the apocryphal fourth volume of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters, the mysterious history of the four last years of Queen Anne, purporting to be written by Dean Swift, the shadowy Ossian, and that "earliest English newspaper," which Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, so long believed in, were not the only products in this way of that age of literary mystifications. Mr. Merivale confesses his reluctance to shake our faith in a book

which has produced so much picturesque writing, and which Hallam, Lingard, and Turner have used freely. Truth, however, is more valuable than historical pictures; but what is to become of the poor historian, who is not only overwhelmed by discoveries of new documents and daily disinterments of neglected State papers, but is compelled to weigh the question of the genuineness of every document, and must be beset with fears at every step of seeing the very foundations of his arguments suddenly cut away?

The author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," &c., has arranged to contribute to *Once a Week* a serial tale, which will appear forthwith. It is to be entitled "Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons."

M. Berryer is said to be employed in revising his speeches for publication. From the same source, we also learn that he is likewise occupied in superintending the erection of his own tomb, which is next to those of his father, mother, wife, and brother. The monument consists merely of a roof of thatch, supported by four wooden columns, the inscription being, "Expecto donec veniat immutatio mea!"

Mr. S. P. Day is preparing for the press a work called "Woman and Civilization."

The death of Viscomte de Nœe, an officer of Spahis, author of some military works, and brother of the Baron Amadée de Nœe, better known as "Cham," the well-known French caricaturist, is reported in Paris.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. have in preparation, besides other works, "Mozart's Letters," edited by Dr. Nohl, translated by Lady Wallace, 1 vol.; "Chess Problems," by F. Healey, being a selection of "Two Hundred of Mr. Healey's best Positions," with the solutions; "History of England during the Reign of George III.," by William N. Massey, cabinet-edition, to be published monthly, and completed in 4 vols.; "Constitutional History of the Reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth," by George Brodie, Historiographer-Royal of Scotland, second edition, 3 vols.; "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," by Richard Owen, F.R.S., 2 vols., with above 1,200 woodcuts; "Manual of Materia Medica and Therapeutics," abridged from "Dr. Pereira's Elements" by F. J. Farre, M.D., assisted by R. Bentley and R. Warrington, 1 vol.; "The Treasury of Botany, on the Plan of Maunders' Popular Treasuries," by J. Lindley and T. Moore, assisted by eminent practical botanists, with numerous plates and woodcuts; "Drawing from Nature," by George Barnard, Professor of Drawing at Rugby School, with coloured illustrations and wood-engravings; "The Formation, Management in Health and Disease, and Training, of the Thoroughbred Horse," by Digby Collins; "Iron Ship-building, its History and Progress," by William Fairbairn, C.E., 8vo., with plates and woodcuts.

Mr. Strahan is preparing to publish "The Tragedies of Sophocles, a new translation, with a Biographical Essay," by E. H. Plumptre, 2 vols.; "Citoyenne Jacqueline, a Woman's Lot in the Great French Revolution," by Sarah Tytler; "Man and the Gospel," by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.; "Miscellanies from the Collected Writings of Edward Irving," 2 vols.; and "Six Months among the Charities of Europe," by John de Liefde, 2 vols., with illustrations.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (Rev. W.), *The Cherry-Stones*. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
 Alford (Dean), *Meditations on Advent*. Fcap., 5s.
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